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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Gladstone watching Chamberlain striking out on the path of radicalism.
From a cartoon by Tenniel in *Punch* of 1883.

Spring Purge

GIVEN dictatorial powers in the State of Literature, we would abolish:

(I) Silly caricaturists and stale jokesters who rehash the old tripe about Spring poetry. Modern poetry prefers Autumn to Spring anyway, especially a dank Autumn, and if May does find its way into imagists' verses it is not Spring as such but a symbol or a sensation in a non-representational pattern. Nor do poets have long hair—or write under trees. And in the dreaming of idle dreams they are feeble by comparison with brokers and manufacturers.

(II) Publishers who put pictures of vulgar nudes leering drunkenly upon the dust covers of subtle and sophisticated novels.

(III) Biographies where the narrative sinks out of sight in a desert of genealogical details, or trickles through masses of diffuse letters, or is dammed by solid blocks of local history, while the text is crammed with superfluous information included in order to justify the superabundant notes.

(IV) Biographies in which the narrative shakes off inconvenient facts in the first chapter and aspires to the happy freedom of fiction and melodrama, where every paragraph is interesting and none of them quite true, where the author pats his subject on his ghostly shoulder, saying, "This may be your biography, old boy (or girl), but it is my book. We can't let a fact or two stand in the way of the needs of Art."

(V) Cocktail novels that begin with what the authors regard as "esprit," plunge several light-headed and restless young people into what would be a serious situation if they knew what serious meant, linger over a drab bedroom scene, explode into a rather disgusting party in which poor drinkers get sick at their stomachs, and wind up where they began with the kind of restlessness which means nothing because no one of the characters means anything, or could mean anything in this or any other story. They did this better once in France, because more ironically, more gaily. Here it grows unendurable.

(VI) Dull, drab, flat, honest reproductions of life as it is when it's not very good (and those that live it worse), not accu-

(*Continued on next page*)

A Victorian Statesman

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. By J. L. GARVIN. Vol. I. 1836-1885. Chamberlain and Democracy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $5.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

MR. GARVIN'S editorials in that excellent Sunday publication, the London *Observer,* have for years now and again given away his preoccupation with the statesman from Birmingham. Evidently he began collecting his information before the death of Joseph Chamberlain in 1914 and drew from that figure in his invalid years some interpretation of his career. Evidently, too, he talked to many old people whose memories carried them back to the mid-nineteenth century, to the Chamberlains in Camberwell, to the Harbens, and the Martineaus. Certainly the work has profited from Mr. Garvin's refusal to hurry, not only in width of knowledge but in a certain restraint and tightness of style not invariably characteristic of the writer of the three or four columns in the Sunday *Observer.* With all that un-Garvinlike terseness, there is the conversational, engaging quality which we associate with him, and a gift of orderly exposition. Mr. Garvin always assumes that he is above the battle, looking out from the mountain, surveying the weaknesses of politicians from a purer air. That assumption is not wanting in this book. "All those who knew Ireland profoundly saw that . . .," etc. He conceals his partisanship better than in the *Observer.* Can it be that the comparing closely of thousands of old letters has done something to him? Can it be that following the day-by-day moves of political characters has rendered him less susceptible to party traditions? Mr. Garvin is a little less impressed than he once was by the magic of the old Hebrew beguiler; he has discovered that the Majesty of Windsor was not beyond pettiness and held no even hand above the battle.

If Mr. Garvin has had prejudices, he has had withal political insight; he has always the gift of seeing, in a way a little like the historian Sorel, the possible relationships of factors that have hitherto seemed unrelated. He has never been able to keep from peering into the future, and in this book, of course, he is at an advan-

(*Continued on page* 500)

*An Oracle of Doom**

By FABIAN FRANKLIN

MR. JOHN STRACHEY has written a book to which it is very difficult to do justice. Merely to indicate the scope of its sweeping, brilliant, and searching discussions would be an exacting task, even if one refrained from any estimate of their soundness; and to attempt, however imperfectly, to rebut his argument as a whole would be, in any reasonable space, an utterly hopeless undertaking.

I trust I may be pardoned, therefore, if I take refuge in a course which will conduce to brevity without, I think, any sacrifice of fairness. I shall attempt to indicate, very briefly, the most salient features of the book, and its literary and argumentative quality; but in the main I shall confine myself to the examination of only a single aspect of it.

Mr. Strachey begins with a rapid survey and analysis of the origins of capitalism and of its essential characteristics in the past and present; with this as a starting point, he proceeds to portray the staggering problems which now confront the capitalist system, and to draw his conclusion of its inescapable doom. Now the introductory part, and other parts of similar nature, lend themselves to elementary examination far more readily than does the main body of the book, which bristles with all the infinitely complex problems of the present moment and all the indefinite possibilities of the near and distant future. It is therefore those parts only that I shall attempt to examine critically.

At the very outset we get a foretaste of the unhesitating militancy which characterizes the book from beginning to end. Its most fundamental thesis is that which identifies the capitalist system with the creation and maintenance of the free market; but this, which in itself may seem a rather colorless and harmless proposition, becomes in Mr. Strachey's hands picturesque, dynamic, portentous:

> The whole long struggle for Liberty, about which the historians tell us everything except what it accomplished, was a struggle for the freedom of contract, which is the legal expression of the free market. . . . If the object of Thomas Cromwell was simply the aggrandizement of his friends, and the destruction of monopoly but a means to that end, his great great nephew Oliver had already begun to know better. And by the end of the eighteenth century Jefferson and Paine knew very well for what they fought.
>
> It is at length beginning to be admitted that this struggle *and nothing else* is what European history since the Reformation has been about. (Italics mine.)

To say that this passage is a fair sample of Mr. Strachey's book would be most unjust; it is very far indeed from being a fair sample. But there is about it something that is truly representative. That "Oliver had already begun to know better," that "Jefferson and Paine knew very well," that "it is at length beginning to be admitted"—Mr. Strachey rolls out these pronouncements as though they were solid confirmation of his theory, whereas they are really little more than interpretations or conjectures derived from the theory itself; and the words which I have put in italics are an extravagance which even such interpretation or conjecture can hardly justify.

And throughout the book, admirable though it is in so many ways—clear-cut, illuminating, impressive—the reader has to be on his guard against extravagances of a similar nature and springing from the same source. Mr. Strachey's mind is completely saturated with the conviction that not only the external history of the world in the past four or five centuries but also its religious, intellectual, and esthetic history is in essence a mere reflection of the rise, growth, and decay of capitalism. Whatever he looks at—and he passes in fascinating review almost every phase of modern life—he looks at in the light of this conviction.

Take, for example, the chapter on religion. It is a brilliant chapter, full of keen thought and pungent expression. And it has the accent of gravity which befits its theme. But what is the essential drift of the chapter, its bearing on the general scheme of the book? Stated baldly and in its essentials, what Mr. Strachey tells us is that the decay of religious belief in recent times is simply the inevitable accompaniment of the decay of the capitalist system. Not one word does he say about the undermining of traditional religion by the advance of scientific inquiry; neither in this chapter nor elsewhere in the book do we find any recognition of the potency of thinkers and leaders in shaping the course of the world's religious beliefs. Now I am not concerned with the question of how much or how little truth there is in this view; what does concern me is the part that it plays in Mr. Strachey's logical scheme—a part which may easily escape notice. His book is devoted, above all, to the thesis that the capitalist order is doomed to speedy extinction. In support of this thesis he adduces a number of arguments, each one of which he regards as of great force; and among these arguments is that derived from the decay of religious belief. But surely this is very shaky reasoning. For in pointing to the

* THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR POWER. By John Strachey. New York: Covici-Friede. 1933. $3.

This Week

TO THE POWERS of DESOLATION.
By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

"BROKEN ARROW."
Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL.

"BLACK BAGDAD."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

BIOGRAPHIES OF RICHARD WAGNER.
Reviewed by CARL ENGEL.

"THE FIRST LOVER."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"GREAT AMERICAN SHORT STORIES."
Reviewed by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER.

"VIVA VILLA!"
Reviewed by LEROY MACLEOD.

"THE TRAGEDY OF TOLSTOY."
Reviewed by MANYA GORDON.

HORSE FAIR.
By ALASTAIR W. R. MILLER.

Next Week, or Later

"HENRY ADAMS."
Reviewed by CARL BECKER.

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decay of religious creeds as proof that our economic system is dying, he has to make the violent assumption that a religious creed cannot decay so long as the economic system under which it flourished retains its vigor. In other words, he has to assume virtually that Huss and Luther and Calvin and Knox had very little to do with the establishment of Protestantism, and that Copernicus and Galileo and Darwin were negligible factors in the undermining of general belief in the authority of the Bible narrative.

The intellectual bias of which this is an illustration pervades the book from beginning to end, and vitiates many of Mr.

JOHN STRACHEY.

Strachey's comments upon the phenomena which he passes in review. It makes him, for example in the chapter on Literature, say that the "golden stream" of English poetry, which "from Chaucer to Shelley flows unbroken," in the nineteenth century "begins to trickle"; whereas any one not obsessed with an economic theory must recognize that in the Victorian age the golden stream was fed with an abun- ce and splendor rarely surpassed, or equalled, in the half-millennium that tches from Chaucer to Tennyson. In chapter on Science, Mr. Strachey devotes a great deal of space to quoting and exploiting an article in *Nature*, in which the passing remark is made that "perhaps, after all, the people of 'Erewhon' were wiser than ourselves in destroying their machines," but of which the practical aim is to advocate the application of the resources of science to the promotion of small-scale production, particularly "cottage industries and handicrafts" and "a combination of manufacturing with agricultural or garden industry." To the unbiased reader, this would seem to be a sober recommendation of a course of action which would place alongside the gigantic apparatus of mass-production a means of escape from its vicissitudes that might go far towards solving the problem of unemployment; not so to Mr. Strachey. "This passage, at any rate," he says, "is clear. What is wanted is to go back to pre-industrial methods of production. Scrap your large-scale factories; prohibit mass-production by law, and return to small-scale cottage industries or handicrafts." If you can concentrate attention upon a single article in a scientific weekly, and if you can interpret that article as meaning not what it says but what you want it to mean, you can of course have plain sailing for your argument.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the fault which these illustrations exhibit. But they would, after all, not touch the core of Mr. Strachey's book. That core consists not in observations on history or literature or religion or science, but in a powerful assault upon the very citadel of the capitalist order, an assault in which Mr. Strachey grapples with the central economic problems of the present and the future. And in every instance he makes out a strong case. He shows, for example, how immensely difficult—how apparently impossible—it is to overcome the evils which attach to the monetary standard. He points to the portentous intensification of nationalist exclusiveness since the Great War, and the apparent hopelessness of any endeavor to revive that more liberal spirit which is essential to the reinvigoration of international trade. Holding, as he does, that the principle of the free market is the very life-blood of capitalism, he adduces not only this access of nationalist exclusiveness, but many other departures from the principle of the free market, as foreshadowing the collapse of the capitalist order. Among these, not the least important is the insistence of the trade unions on a scale of wages fixed not by the conditions of the market but by the standards which they regard as essential to the well-being of the workers; he justly speaks of "static wage-rates" as "freezing one of the most important variables of the market into a disastrous immobility." Of course, he makes the most—and it does not require such talent as his to do it—of the stupendous character of the present depression, and shows that no way has yet been devised for putting an end to the recurrent menace of devastating crises. Projects of "planned economy," designed to preserve the essentials of the system of private enterprise while averting its most dangerous conflicts and its most serious wastes, he has no difficulty in showing to be beset with almost insuperable difficulties. All these things, and many more, he does not only with great dialectical force but with such infusion of eloquence and sarcasm as cannot fail to add powerfully to the effect upon the reader.

What must come out of this situation—and come soon—is, in Mr. Strachey's mind, absolutely certain. Indeed, like some other writers of similar outlook, he speaks as though there were no real doubt on the subject in the mind of any intelligent person. He tells us without hesitation, again and again, not only that capitalism is doomed to early extinction and will be succeeded by communism on the Russian model, but that anybody who does not see and admit this is either stupid, or ignorant, or wilfully blind.

It is to this conclusion that the imposing array of arguments which I have very imperfectly indicated, is constantly directed. As I said at the outset, it is out of the question in a brief space to do justice either to the merits of the arguments or to their defects. Some vices of Mr. Strachey's method I have, however, indicated by illustrations drawn from what may be called the outlying parts of his work—parts which admit of simpler criticism than does the main body of it. But that main body is in fact deeply affected by the same faults; for in his main argument, as well as in those outlying observations, he constantly yields to the temptation to exaggerate, to take the part for the whole, to give great weight to any slightest corroborative evidence and to ignore the evidence that points the other way.

It is hardly worthy, for instance, of a man of Mr. Strachey's intellectual powers to adopt the whole, and more than the whole, of the technological-unemployment hysteria, as he does when, speaking of the men of science, he says: "In a world where thirty or forty million men and women are out of employment, they are discovering how to dispense with half of those who are still employed." Nor is it creditable to him that he constantly caters to the notion that the standard British political economists were completely given over to singing the praises of the capitalist order and wholly indifferent to the distinctive interests of the working classes; it is almost grotesque that he quotes with great unction a singularly heartless passage in Dr. Ure's "Philosophy of Manufactures," but does not find it worth while to mention John Stuart Mill's ardent sympathy with and support of the aspirations of labor. As regards his stressing of anything that may be construed into corroborative evidence and ignoring the most obvious evidence pointing the other way, one remark may perhaps not be amiss in conclusion. We have seen how remote a literary phenomenon serves Mr. Strachey as evidence of capitalist decay; yet in all the many pages which he devotes to showing the inevitableness of a mortal combat between capital and labor he never takes notice of one of the most striking circumstances in the conduct of labor in the present depression. American labor has suffered the hardship of unemployment on an unprecedented scale, year after year; yet there has been no outbreak of violence such as, in the less extreme conditions of 1877 and 1894, threatened to take on almost the character of civil war. In the case were reversed, what would Mr. Strachey say? If, instead of having more depression and less violence than forty years ago or sixty years ago, we were having less depression and more violence, would not Mr. Strachey point to this as conclusive evidence of the coming cataclysm?

If I have dwelt chiefly upon what is unsound or misleading in Mr. Strachey's methods, it has not been my purpose to deny his merits or to belittle his presentation either of the evils of capitalism or of the dangers with which it is beset. On the contrary, it is precisely because of the power of that presentation, and the impossibility of passing it under proper examination in a brief space, that I have felt it best to devote this article in the main to a caveat against accepting as the verdict of an impartial judge what is in reality the able and brilliant but one-sided and often misleading argument of an enthusiastic and intensely biased advocate.

Fabian Franklin, for many years Editor of the Baltimore News, *and later Associate Editor of the New York* Evening Post, *has interested himself largely in economic matters.*

Spring Purge

(*Continued from preceding page*)

rate enough to be scientific, not vivid enough to be interesting, not lifted by the imagination into any significance beyond the novelty of photographing what has not been photographed before.

(VII) The same, modernistically tossed and turned like a flapjack until every incident is upside down and every character inside out.

(VIII) Publishers' advertising that belies the books it tries to sell; describing mild stories with a dash of piquancy as if they were monuments of salaciousness, sound biographies of sensational lives as if they contained the scandals of all the ages; serious psychological novels as if they told all that never should be told of the marital relations; feeble little tales of life among the wild boys and wilder girls as if they would drop the unsophisticated dead in their tracks.

(IX) Bookshops where you can get only new books. Bookshops where you can't get new books. Bookshops whose chief stock in trade is sets bound up for wedding presents. Bookshops where the clerks don't know how to locate a book more than three months old. Bookshops where no one seems interested in books.

(X) Authors who live by publicity as an orchid lives by air. Authors who cannot go to Brooklyn or buy a dog without getting it recorded in a paragraph.

(XI) Publishers who publish a life of Erasmus or of Gandhi or of McGinty just because another publisher has published, or is going to publish, a life of Erasmus or of Gandhi or of McGinty.

(XII) Literary critics who get bilious from too much reading and purge their bile by remarks like the foregoing, which are not any pleasanter for being, unhappily, true.

Pure American

BROKEN ARROW. By ROBERT GESSNER. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

FOR thousands of years the American Indian lived on this continent, feeling little — if any — influence from outside. His culture was therefore integral, organic: it fitted him like his skin. As a result, even the most ignorant savage had a personal dignity, an innate decency and aplomb like that of a pine tree or a buffalo. Europeans, of course, never had any such luck. Their culture is a rag-bag of odds and ends from everywhere, an attic full of incongruous, creaking antiques. Hence, no one man can fully represent European culture, or be anything but an eclectic—he might as well try to occupy the Empire Building.

Bring together these two cultures at their best, and the contrast is painful enough. But when one contrasts the dying culture of the Indian with the noisy vulgarity and nastiness of a moribund pioneer morality, the general putrescence will make one hold one's nose. This contrast is the subject matter of Mr. Gessner's vivid book. He tells the story of an Indian boy who tried to follow the white man's road, only to discover that it led to the Indian's grave. This is the real American tragedy, enacted ten thousand times to the tune of patriotic songs, hymns, and speeches on "progress." Mr. Gessner has no patience with these pretences, and shows an Indian Agency as a slum maintained by the United States Government for the benefit of office holders and businessmen. He is a first-rate reporter, and he knows his Oglala Sioux, his Pine Ridge country. He has studied the breeds and sycophantic loafers who hang about an Agency, has described tyrannical officials, meddlesome, bullying missionaries, puritanical teachers, and crooked Rodeo promoters. His hero is lost between two worlds, one poetic, the other grotesque. As a result the story veers back and forth from the poetry of old Indian life and nature to the grimly funny modern world. But on the whole the book is pathetic.

If Mr. Gessner fails at all, it is in not giving us more vivid pictures of his people —who are necessarily types unfamiliar to most of his readers, and also in not fully displaying the personality (there is no less specific word) of that strangely beautiful region. His descriptions do not always come off. Here and there, also, there are misstatements, as when he calls John Sitting Bull the son of Sitting Bull's brother. Sitting Bull had no full brother. Here and there, also, Sioux words are misspelled. But these minor matters are indeed trifles. For the book is a sincere and successful attempt to handle the contemporary Agency Indian in a thoroughly modern manner. It is an interesting narrative.

Stanley Vestal is the author of a life of Sitting Bull and an authority on Indian history.

· The British Admiralty is trying to recover as many as it can of the model warships which Pepys gathered from the Navy Office while there.

To the Powers of Desolation

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

O MORTAL boy we cannot stop
The leak in that great wall where death seeps in
With hands or bodies, frantic mouths, or sleep.
Over the wall, over the wall's top
I have seen rising waters, waters of desolation.

From my despair bibles are written, children begotten;
Women open the wrong doors; men lie in ditches retching,—
The horrible bright eyes of insanity fix on a blue fly,
Focus, enlarge. Dear mortal, escape
You cannot. I hear the drip of eternity above the quiet buzz of your sleep.
The waters are pouring, boiling over the wall; at the door
Where murder is underway it falls knocking on silence.
Go, that we may not hunger any more,
Or repeat again the wild ritual, the pang;
I will lie face downward
In an oblivion of waters,
Weeping in no way except in these words,
Caring then for nothing; for the blue wasp in the dabble of blood, perhaps, only,
While the slow waters pour.

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Haitian Impressions

BLACK BAGDAD. Adventures of a Marine Captain in Haiti. By JOHN H. CRAIGE. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

CAPTAIN CRAIGE, once described in a "profile" in the *New Yorker* as "A Gentleman with Two Cauliflower Ears," didn't need to join the Marines to see the world. Before he went to France with the Marines, he had hunted gold in Alaska, dealt faro in Nevada, been city editor in Philadelphia and rewrite man in New York, middle-weight boxer at one of the Olympian games, and had chased over most of his own country, Europe, and Central America. After the war and after the "pacification" in Haiti, he went to Haiti, first as a Marine officer in command of a Gendarmerie district with headquarters at Hinche and later as Chief of Police of Port au Prince.

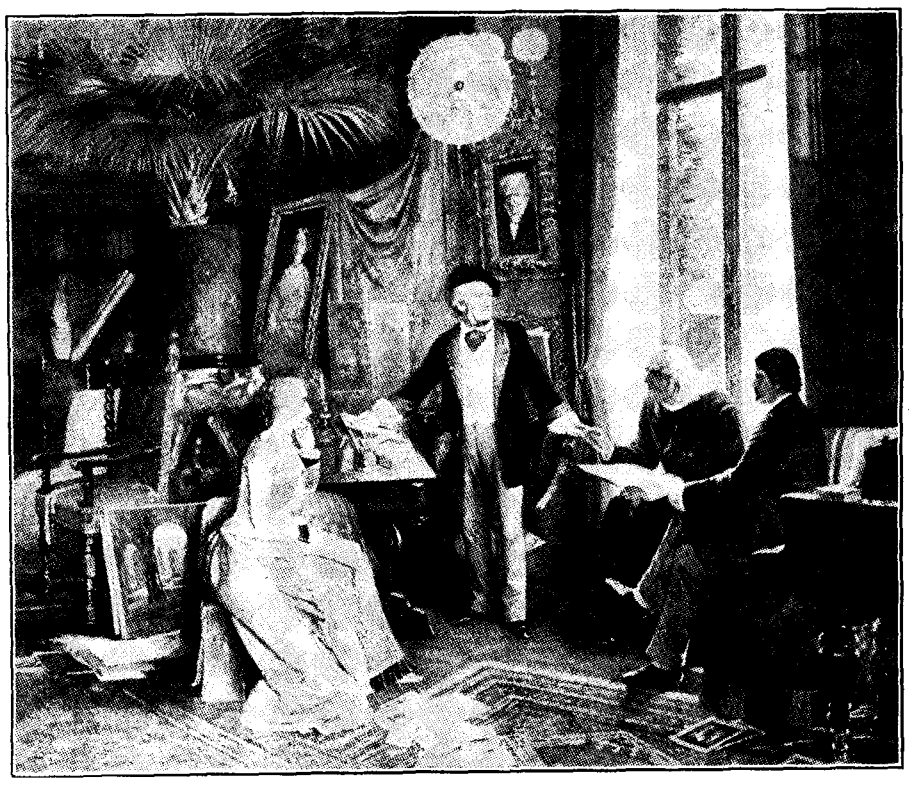
An uncommon combination of the leatherneck and the amateur student and articulate journalist, it is of incidental importance, so far as his Haitian impressions are concerned, that Captain Craige is still an officer in the Marines—director of its publicity, as I understand it. For while he expressly states that his narrative is not to be viewed as in any way "official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department," he writes, nevertheless, as one whose statements are going to be checked up, informally at least, by his comrades in the service; as one man to another, so to speak.

The result is, I think, one of the soundest records of Haitian impressions yet written, as it is one of the most interesting. There is a pleasant absence of prettiness, on the one hand, and of horrific fictionizing on the other. If Captain Craige seems slightly to pull the long bow now and then, this is generally more a matter of yielding to the temptations of a somewhat florid style—as in the title itself, "Black Bagdad," for instance—than of actual content.

He avoids politics and the controversial aspects of the subject, except for an occasional indirect reference, and sticks to things seen and heard, and the commander of a detachment of black gendarmes in the interior and the Chief of Police of Port au Prince naturally saw and heard a lot. As a very young man, he had had a glimpse of the island, and it charmed and allured him then as it does now, looking back at it from the asceptic if somewhat dreary comforts of an American city flat. And although he saw plenty of its sub-surface savagery and learned what hard work in a hot climate may do to a white man, he saw also its exquisite beauty, was immersed in its curiously exciting mixture of French refinement and African primitiveness, and he understands what the French meant when they spoke of the *"Pays des Revenants."*

There are drums and dancing and Voodoo, in the book, and many sorts of sudden and lingering, strange death—as well as those delicious tropical mornings when Craige used to take a dip in his cool *bassin* and then, on a villa balcony, looking down from the mountainside out over the awakening town and the lapis-lazuli harbor, sip his freshly-roasted native coffee and a goblet of champagne poured over mint and cracked ice.

There are all sorts of anecdotes and yarns such as would naturally drift into the routine of a chief of police in the capital—one which I never happen to have heard but which is doubtless familiar to Haitian old-timers, of the American of good family who went native and claimed the parentage of two hundred and forty-six mulatto children, and on the most altruistic grounds! Craige found him, he says, lolling beside a hut out on the plain of Cul de Sac, and maintaining, when questioned, that he was doing a great service for the white race. We have the black race on our hands, the man asserted, we can't kill them, and the only thing to do is to make them approximately white. "If we had a few thousand white men down here doing their duty in the way I am doing it, there would be no race-problem in a few generations."



A painting by W. Beckmann showing Cosima Wagner, Richard Wagner, Franz Liszt, and a pupil of the latter, Moritz Rosenthal.

Wagner and No End

THE LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER. By ERNEST NEWMAN. Vol. I: 1813-1848, New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $5.

RICHARD WAGNER. The Story of an Artist. By GUY DE POURTALÈS. Translated from the French by LEWIS MAY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $4.

WAGNER. Histoire d'un Artiste. Par GUY DE POURTALÈS. Paris: Librairie Gallimard. 1932.

RICHARD WAGNER, l'Homme, le Poète, le Novateur. Par L.-F. CHOISY. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher. 1933.

THE UNCONQUERABLE TRISTAN. The Story of Richard Wagner. By B. M. STEIGMAN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by CARL ENGEL

FOR nearly eighteen hundred years after the fatal day of Golgotha, there existed no more than four "lives" of our Lord. Half a century after the passing of Richard Wagner at the Palazzo Vendramin in Venice, the books dealing with his life and works number several times eighteen hundred. And the end is not in sight. Nor is all the material, required for a complete and definitive version, supposed to be available. This does not deter the scribes; especially not in a "commemorative" year.

Among the latest offerings in the field of Wagner biography, Mr. Ernest Newman's is unquestionably the most important. This work is the logical outcome of a series of preparatory studies by the same author, among which his "Wagner as Man and Artist" (1914 and 1924) was the most ambitious. In the preface to the first edition of that book Mr. Newman had pleaded that "the subject of Wagner is inexhaustible." So in truth it seems.

Wagner and the Critics.
A silhouette by O. Böhler.

And Mr. Newman has sifted as much material as any man so far could lay his hands on, and has sifted it in the capacities of critic, detective, psychoanalyst, and criminologist. Admitting that the subject itself remains as irresistible as it is inexhaustible, the results of Mr. Newman's labors are thoroughly engrossing.

Mr. Newman's style has not greatly changed in the course of the years. It is as crisp and pungent as ever. Having gone over and over again the same ground, he surveys it with a sharp and commanding eye. Not so sharp, perhaps, as to be always absolutely unerring. But it must be granted that to see clear among the maze of deliberately blurred accounts and often contradictory Wagner tales, is no easy task. Mr. Newman at times is given to see just what he wants to see and to arrange his "facts" accordingly. That, perhaps, is not Clio at her best. This form of historical research of Mr. Newman's has already "established" a syphilitical Beethoven, and it now as definitely establishes an illegitimate Wagner. When Mr. Newman gets through with his *"recherche de la paternité"* (to which the Code Napoléon so sternly and wisely objected) we are told that "it is now certain that Wagner was the son of Geyer." Whereupon we hear Mr. Newman draw a deep breath of unfeigned satisfaction and say: "That's that!" There is at least a fine consistency in thinking of Wagner, the adulterer, as the fruit of adultery. Though we should prefer to believe that it was not Geyer, the mediocre little actor who begot the boy Richard, but that the "Geyer" —"vulture" is the meaning of the German—was but another fabled bird in whose guise Jupiter himself, as of old, delighted to continue the Olympian line in the womb of mortal frailty.

Volume One of Mr. Newman's work covers only the first and less eventful half of Wagner's life. A final opinion on the author's achievement should be reserved until the whole work stands completed. No one, having read this first volume, will be able to suppress an impatient desire to read the concluding chapters in the amazing life of this indomitable man and incomparable master.

We must content ourselves with briefer mention of some other contributions to the Wagner shelf, marking the Wagner year. Guy de Pourtalès has already given us "biographical romances" of Chopin, Liszt, and Louis of Bavaria. His book on Wagner is built on similar lines. The French original contains a short preliminary explanation (not taken over into the English version) in which the author says:

> Not being a musicologist, I have not felt called upon to discuss, or analyze, or, above all things, pass judgment upon the musical work of Wagner. As in my previous biographical essays, I have wanted only to paint the portrait of a man and retrace the destinies of a heart, the flurries of which have agitated a whole century.

Warm praise should be bestowed upon the excellent English translation made by Lewis May. Would that the same translator could have done some other recent Wagner books which have come to us out of the German or the French. The point of greatest interest for Wagner scholars and biographers lies in a letter of Hans von Bülow to Cosima's half-sister, the Countess of Charnacé, dated September 15, 1869. This most revealing and hitherto unpublished letter was communicated to the author by Bülow's and Cosima's daughter, Blandine Countess Gravina (a fact which the English edition does not mention). It is perhaps the first authentic document that permits us to guess how much insight into the Richard-Cosima relations Bülow had prior to the ultimate "desertion" by Cosima in the autumn of 1868, and to judge him more fairly in his attitude toward his wife and "the man who is as sublime in his works as he is incomparably abject in his conduct."

While we are told the not surprising fact that "for more than three years I have taken upon myself a life of incessant torture," we also find the significant statement that, apparently as late as November, 1868, Cosima was still trying to keep from her husband the whole truth, since he writes:

> In November [1868], when I put an almost indelicate question to her as to the reasons for her sudden departure (I had vainly beseeched her to wait for the arrival of Liszt, in January), Cosima saw fit to answer me by perjuring herself. That she had done so I learned a few months ago *through the newspapers* [Bülow's italics!] which announced openly the good fortunes of the maestro, whom his mistress (the full name in cold type) * had at last presented with a son, baptized in the name of Siegfried, happy omen for the approaching completion of his opera! Thus the edifice (of my cuckoldom) was crowned in the most resplendent fashion."

Wagner and Anton Brückner.
By O. Böhler.

To the insatiable we further recommend "Richard Wagner, l'Homme, le Poète, le Novateur," by L.-F. Choisy, Professor at the University of Geneva, and "The Unconquerable Tristan, the Story of Richard Wagner," by Benjamin Morris Steigman. The first book, in a small frame, tries to give a good deal, but does not impress us as giving anything really new, although as a critical study it stands above the book of Pourtalès. Mr. Steigman's "story" is divided into three parts which are entitled "Minna," "Mathilde," "Cosima." This ground plan reminds us uncomfortably of Julius Kapp and his "Dreigestirn." But whereas Mr. Kapp does not always clearly indicate his sources, Mr. Steigman adopted the laudable procedure of basing his narrative chiefly upon an extensive correspondence and appends to his book a careful and reassuring documentation. The book "reads well"; it has dramatic life and, occasionally, melodramatic touches. The *Leitmotiv* that binds the whole together, is Wagner's singleness of passion for the Eternal Feminine and for the Eternal Renewal in the act of creation. No technical or critical excursions halt the straight progress of Mr. Steigman's chronicle. He sets it all down with the vividness and conviction of an eye-witness,—a fellow-actor almost more than a spectator. And Wagner's life offers a better and more fantastic show than the best and most romantic of his stage yarns.

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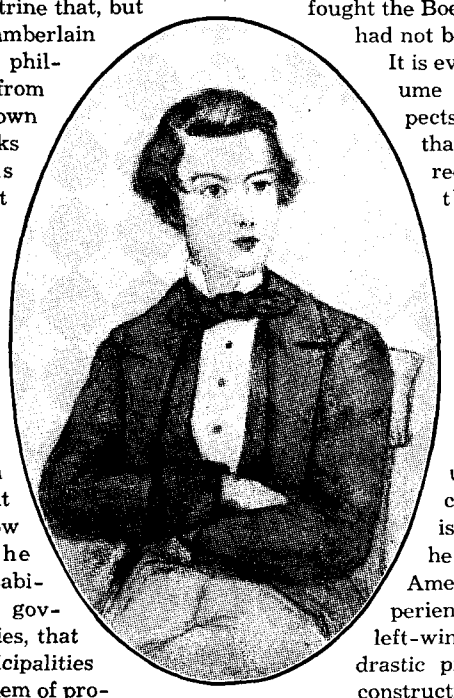
A Victorian Statesman

(*Continued from first page*)

tage in doing that: back in the seventies he can begin peering at what is to happen later. That temptation to look ahead few historians can resist. He looks not only to what happened, but to what might have been. He likes might-have-beens. He sees Gladstone overstaying his time, putting off the problems of social reform already emergent in the early eighties, and then changing the issue, and by a "prodigious manœuvre" sweeping aside the social questions in favor of the Irish one. Garvin can never forget what might have happened had Chamberlain and Dilke had their way.

For Chamberlain was a young Radical. His philosophy at this time was the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Good Benthamite doctrine that, but it is doubtful if Chamberlain drew his ideas from philosophers, or even from those who watered down philosophy into books and pamphlets. His eager mind was almost a wire to catch what was in the air. He would not have displaced wealth, but he demanded that it pay a "ransom" for the continued enjoyment of its advantages. He it was that invented the caucus in England and taught the new electorate how they might force the hand of a reluctant Cabinet. He wished local government in the counties, that the counties and municipalities might attack the problem of providing healthy and decent dwellings in the towns at fair rents, as he had done for Birmingham when mayor of that city. He wished facilities in the country for the cottar to obtain a small plot of land. A new race of yeomen might be raised up in the countryside. All this would cost money. Who was to pay? He raised the possibility of local levies on ground rents, and worse, of "graduated taxation," of death duties and taxation on unearned increment. "We are told," said the man who was soon dubbed the Robespierre of the Midlands, "that this country is the paradise of the rich; it should be our task to see that it does not become the purgatory of the poor." The man who talked that way had to bear the hatred of the governing classes. He had to bear more, but with head unbowed—the bludgeonings of the Queen.



JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

He talked at times like the late leader of the Labor Party, of breaking the power of the moderates, *i. e.*, of the respectable Whigs, and so of leaving Toryism and Radicalism face to face. But his proposals were more nearly those of the Lloyd George of 1908-11. It is part of the irony of his career that when the Welsh agitator was going great guns with his plans in 1911 there issued from the invalid retreat of Chamberlain an appeal to the Lords to halt the progress of the radical program. The young Chamberlain had been forgotten by the dying Imperialist. It is possible that the young Chamberlain will be longest remembered.

His drive for social reform constitutes a kind of historical cul-de-sac. Was he ahead of his time? I doubt it. The working class was expectant, and the serious-minded middle class with its passion for improvement had not read its Ruskin and William Morris for nothing. It is possible that Chamberlain and Dilke might have prevailed in 1883. The chances of politics fought against them on that day, yes, and old Whiggism, stronger in the Cabinet than in the country. But if Chamberlain failed to bring off those social reforms for which he yearned, his new political machinery led the way towards our world today. If the masses have by degrees learned in Britain how to rule, if they are dislodging those of brains and vision and putting up in their stead politicians who will most quickly respond to the gusts of public opinion and who will steer uncertainly towards uncertain goals, if democracy has at long length—it is a hundred years since the First Reform Bill—learned how to make its vague wishes come true, Chamberlain may take some of the blame or praise. He was not, however, sinning against the light of his time. He was speeding up that progress towards democracy which the nineteenth century desired, that democracy by which twentieth century Britain and America are almost overwhelmed. Goschen declared of Chamberlain that he was heaping coals on a democratic fire that was big enough already. It has become bigger since and is sweeping all before it.

Had Chamberlain succeeded with his social reforms, there might have been no Labor Party. One might venture farther. Britain might not have joined in the scramble for Africa, she might not have fought the Boer War. And if all that had not been—

It is evident in this first volume that Mr. Garvin expects to be able to prove that Chamberlain's career was consistent, that the young radical, eager to abolish poverty, became naturally the imperialist and advocate of a British Zollverein. In that evolution Chamberlain may have been consistent — we shall see in other volumes whether Garvin can prove it. But British, supremely British, he was. More than one American has had the experience of meeting a young left-winger in Britain whose drastic proposals for the reconstruction of society alarmed his old-line Liberalism only to find later that the left-winger believed in the hereditary mission of the British to govern subject races in India or Egypt. Mr. Chamberlain came slowly to take up the white man's burden. He knew too well how

> England with bare and bloody feet
> Climbs the steep road of wide Empire.

He was eager as any to scuttle in Egypt and to get out of the Soudan. And by the way, Garvin thinks that Chamberlain cannot be absolved from his share of the Cabinet blame for what happened to Gordon at Khartoum. Chamberlain was eager to restore independence to the Boers. Indeed, a later generation would have called the Chamberlain of the eighties a "little Englander." Very skilfully Mr. Garvin shows how Chamberlain is led on by circumstances to shift his position. Says Garvin: "He is no longer confident about the future relations of Britain with any foreign power. He sees that the future is likely to be an alternative—as in truth it proved—between submission to squeeze and nerve to fight." Bismarck was "squeezing," picking up bits in Africa that Britain might have claimed; and now a bit in the South seas, doing for Germany as fast as he could what statesmen had done for Britain during three centuries. Where it really hurt was that a watching and unfriendly Europe was beginning to suspect and hope that the Colossus of the North had feet of clay and could be pushed. All that, says Garvin, Chamberlain saw, but he believed that the British Empire, if forced to fight, would prove more formidable than the continent supposed. Yet he put faith in the conciliatory nature of the British and hoped to avoid war. What he perhaps failed to see was that Britain with more than her share of the globe had best walk delicately. Meanwhile events were making him steadily less disposed to accept pushing from the European powers, were making it possible for him to become at length an imperialist. Is it part of the nemesis of empires that their leaders are drawn into further imperialism?

Whether Chamberlain was consistent in his policies, as Mr. Garvin expects to prove, it is certain that throughout his career he behaved in the same way politically. There is an uncanny resemblance between the Chamberlain of 1885, who was set upon his own plan of local government for Ireland, and was determined to force the Liberal Government to adopt his panacea, and the Chamberlain of 1903 who had come to the easy conclusion that a wall of tariffs around the Empire was the cure-all for Britain's economic ills, and sought to force the wobbling Balfour to adopt his program. In 1885-87 he wrecked the Liberal Party and left it a wreck for many years after, and in 1903-05 he did exactly the same thing to the Conservative Party. Of one of the Norman barons in England, the chronicler remarks that "he was born for many men's undoing." There was something of the old Norman disturber in Chamberlain. "He always wanted," said a teacher of his childhood, "to take the lead in everything that was going on," and the man was much the same. Or at least he wished to lead in a different direction from his chief, whether it were Gladstone or Balfour. Was it because he was looking to become Premier? Hardly. He must have known in 1885-86 that if he could stick with his party, he was pretty sure eventually to arrive at Downing Street. He was ambitious, of course, but he was more interested in the idea that was before him. All the impulses of his non-conformist ancestors were in his blood. They had been men of convictions and unafraid of consequences. He, too, was unafraid, and pursued with fearful intensity the immediate end in view.

Such a man could hardly have hoped to work with the supreme politician, Gladstone. That "austere and commanding ecclesiastic," whose "intentions were to be found in his qualifications and not in what appeared to be his main propositions," was at long remove from the intense and direct Chamberlain. There was more to the difference than that. The thoughts of Gladstone were those of the days of Peel; the thoughts of Chamberlain were those of the coming days of Lloyd George, as I have suggested. Liberalism had nearly exhausted its mission of enfranchising the people. Laissez-faire was playing out, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number was to have new meanings. Those meanings Mr. Gladstone vaguely sensed as in the future—after his day, and he was always about to retire. Mr. Chamberlain could not wait. For what had Gladstone widened the franchise if not to give the new Liberalism a chance? The two men were at odds on essentials, on the philosophy of Liberalism. It is perhaps more significant that they could never talk freely together. The old high-church aristocrat did not understand the young Unitarian business man from Birmingham, nor could the young man ever chat with the old in his naturally explosive, humorous way.

Chamberlain's speeches were very different from his conversation. They were so carefully prepared that they seemed to be not prepared. Long afterwards Chamberlain thought his self-discipline excessive. It prevented the public from finding out the humanity behind that cold exterior. "He encased himself," says Garvin, "in the metallic armor of his utterances." His genius was that of incitement exercised not by expansive utterance but by controlled passion; and that, says Garvin, was the soul of his quality. "The suggestion of danger in the underswell of his delivery must be personally remembered to be understood."

Garvin is right. It is the men who listened to Chamberlain who cannot forget him. I have heard old backbenchers talk about him with the awe still in their voices. Those men are getting on now, and the rest of us are not so anxious to remember Chamberlain. He was not a thinker, not even really a dreamer, but a believer. Fate did not give him the chance to make his earlier beliefs come true, and his later beliefs are among the factors that have wrecked our world.

Wallace Notestein, who is Sterling professor of English history at Yale, is a member of the British committee appointed by the Prime Minister on the House of Commons records.

The Cambridge University Press announces that, with the completion of the comedies, the editorship of "The New Shakespeare" has been entirely undertaken by Dr. J. Dover Wilson.

A Genial Scientist

FIGHTING THE INSECTS. By L. O. HOWARD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEVERLY RUNKEL

THE title of this work is needlessly terrifying. It is neither dry nor technical but eminently human and interesting. Although the author will be remembered especially for his wonderful development of the Bureau of Entomology from an unimportant office receiving an annual appropriation of $30,000 in 1894 to one receiving $3,000,000 in 1927, for his arousing of the public to the menace of the house fly as a disseminator of disease, and for his work on the mosquitoes and parasitic wasps, one cannot fail to feel after reading this account of his life that he was first of all a great, genial soul and loyal friend.

This book ought to dispel any notion that the scientist, and especially the entomologist, is a "queer bug" himself. There is evidence on every page of the author's enthusiasm for his work and of the keen enjoyment he got out of life generally. Indeed, he concludes his account of his fifty-four years in the Bureau of Entomology by saying that, "I was hardly conscious that I was working, since I was doing the things that I most wanted to do."

Dr. Howard is a good raconteur and tells the story of his life in a pleasant, rambling sort of way. His career in Washington covered a period of over fifty years and during that time he met an unusually large number of highly interesting people. His scientific work was not confined to Washington, however. He was a great traveller in the United States as well as in Europe and made friends wherever he went. For twenty-two years he was permanent secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science so that he came into intimate relations with scientists in other fields. He became a member in 1886 of the Cosmos Club which, he says, became his second home, so that he had still further opportunities to extend his acquaintance. Biologist and publicist will enjoy the anecdotes of distinguished men in which this book abounds.

A SPIDER IN THE MORNING DEW.
A photograph by Fritz Schwäble, reproduced from "Das Deutsche Lichtbild."

Beverly Kunkel is professor of biology in Lafayette College.

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Artistic Fiction

THE FIRST LOVER. By KAY BOYLE. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

IN this, her fourth, volume Kay Boyle has returned to the form with which she first attracted attention to herself and which has since brought her such wide recognition and acclaim. To call this form by the blanket name "short story" is to come very far from giving any idea of the carefully wrought, life and character enclosing sketches which may cover nominally only a few hours but which run into the depths of the past of each situation, into the promise or threat of the future. In Miss Boyle's first two volumes the arcs of her plots were short, tenuous, delicate. They were often perfect in themselves, strong-sinewed beneath their fragile technique, but in their brevity there was no assurance that the author could sustain her effects under stress of greater length. With her first novel, the year before last, Kay Boyle demonstrated that her prose medium was entirely at her command. The vibrant quality, the moving suspense, the characters held firmly in their nervous orbit, all these that gave the particular and personal tone to the short sketches came out as successfully in her distinguished novel of death on the Riviera.

In the story that gives the title to the present volume Miss Boyle has achieved an unusual and difficult effect. She has presented, by some magic, three sisters as one person in their simple, loving, hoping response to life. We are shown them only for the brief, bright lunch hour at their Monte Carlo pension, but we know they have been there a month; their soft conversations have run on into midnights; they have laughed away mornings and afternoons; but the years before this careless, well-fed month press upon them separately, narrowed with abstinence, dark with denial. They are all love for their father, he has saved this month for them. A young Englishman enters the dining-room. He will be their first lover. He is good, he is happy, he has never known want; they can bring him back to their father; he will be a lover for life, a husband. The thoughts of one stir in the minds of the others as the gentle breathing of one disturbs the soft hair of the others close-standing at the window to watch the desired Englishman. The lunch hour passes, the Englishman leaves unguessing, the years lie ahead with only emptiness for father.

"Lydia and the Ring-doves" strikes a different note. This Lydia with her copper hair, her forty years, has come to England to be with dead men. Her titled ancestry lies here. That documents exist proving these great dead to have left no issue disconcert Lydia not at all. The ring-doves of the village cry outside her window, "Ah, God, ah, God, ah, God." The young vegetable man comes to her door. She sees his shining kindliness. Soft-nosed goats follow for his cabbage leaves, the doves cling with naked feet along the edges of his cart. He comes each day until the great winds sweep across the village, beating down the flowers and leaving doves broken-winged and helpless in the hedges. Lydia gathers them up each morning and carries them to the vegetable man for succor. One day she comes at dinner time, she sees the browned forms upon the platter.

KAY BOYLE.

There are other stories in the volume much less successful than these. Miss Boyle has set herself too high a standard for continuous realization. But if the best stories from "Plagued by the Nightingale," "Wedding Day and Other Stories," and "The First Lover" were collected in a single volume it would not be easy to find another to place beside it. In each of Miss Boyle's later books she has included an historical reconstruction or two. For them a strange, definitely looking backward technique has been used. The characters and events are clear, but they are seen distant, minute, as through the wrong end of an opera glass. These sketches, while interesting, lack the warmth of her contemporary recitals. It is obvious that Miss Boyle is a workman as well as an artist. One sees her growth from book to book in the lesser sketches—the best, from first to last, show the same ordered finality.

Good Short Stories

GREAT AMERICAN SHORT STORIES. O. Henry Memorial Prize Winning Stories, 1919-1932. With an introduction by BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

GREAT is no word to toss about; it might come in handy for the Day of Judgment. These are good stories; good enough to win money prizes in the O. Henry award from its foundation to this present year; arranged like this in chronological order these forty-two stories might be expected to give some idea of the range of subjects in which readers were interested and the methods by which writers treated them, over this considerable period. This was one, as Dr. Williams says in a spirited preface, in which "the short story—at worst a high form of journalism, at best, a high form of art—reflects the Great War, the Great Experiment, and the Great Depression." Reading straight through for these 772 pages, one might expect to get, along with entertainment varied enough to suit almost any type of magazine reader, some light upon our changing idealism.

Of course this big book will not be read straight through. It lies open so comfortably that it may be safely put down. The leaves will be fluttered till some lost favorite sends up a sentence to a grateful eye. But one who chews through in order will find six sentimentals in a row before the welcome break of Irvin Cobb's "Snake Doctor"; he will have to wait till page 209 for the first funny story, Richard Connell's "Friend of Napoleon," and jog some eighty pages on before he is startled by Frances Newman's "Rachel and her Children." It will not be until almost the middle of the book that sentimental romance vanishes quite away and all at once comes an outburst:—Mary Austin's "Papago Wedding"—this seems sure to stay in print; published in the *American Mercury*, it was included in Dale Warren's recent anthology, "A Modern Galaxy" and in the current *Golden Book*, and will be one of the "One Smoke Stories" in Mrs. Austin's book announced for next summer—Wilbur Daniel Steele's unforgettable "Bubbles," Sherwood Anderson's "Death in the Woods," Roark Bradford's "Child of God," all in a row, leading to the summit of the collection, Ernest Hemingway's "The Killers." Later on, another high plateau: Zona Gale's "Bridal Pond," Dorothy Parker's "Big Blonde," Katherine Brush's "Him and Her." By this time there is less up-and-down; the level is steady and high clear through to the last pages. There are stories that march and a few that get far stronger effects by indirection. The one that O. Henry himself would have liked best I think would be John D. Swain's "One Head Well Done," from *Top Notch*.

It will be seen from even so brief a summary that the collection would be a good investment, especially for students of the short story as it is produced in America. For all these stories are well-written. Most of them, indeed, are written so well they lack nothing but one thing—poignancy.

The Real Pancho Villa

VIVA VILLA! By EDGECUMB PINCHON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. $3.25.

Reviewed by LEROY MACLEOD

DO you remember the Pancho Villa headlined in the daily news columns and painted bold in Sunday features from 1905 to 1917? The Bad Man of Mexico who "terrorized" the border, and nearly made a monkey of a now famous general sent over the Rio Grande to catch him?

Edgecumb Pinchon's "Viva Villa!—a recovery of the real Pancho Villa" leaves one not a little uncomfortable over that false portrait made of yellow journalism, overweening American patriotism, and prejudice. One is more chagrined than ever that we spent $132,000,000 trying to capture this "bandido" for those rascals Carranza and Obregon. And one is sincerely ashamed of those shady acts by which we helped them defeat him.

A painting of Villa, by José Clemente Orozco.

Villa, as Pinchon reveals him, was as unique an ego as Sam Houston or Theodore Roosevelt. His native idealism, his championing of hopeless causes, and his seemingly predestined defeats in the midst of victory remind us of Houston. His guts and gusto for living, his love of the *golpe terrifico*, are reminiscent of the Rough Rider and wielder of the "Big Stick." His careless dress and indifference to liquor refreshment are also Rooseveltian. One's respect, love, and sympathy go out to this peon turned bandito, who robs only the rich and only to support the poor—this crude and brilliant revolutionary with *visiones grandes* for his people, who learns to read and write long after maturity but never learns to put behind his childish emotions—this bewildered, good-hearted animal betrayed by his loves and hates when he would save his people from betrayal. And we cease to wonder that he was the subject of song and ditty, and half legendary, long before he died at forty-one. One has only to contemplate such a life to be convinced both that all greatness is romantic and that "realism" labels but half the truth.

So far as I know, Pinchon is the first in this country to devote a whole volume to Villa, although numerous books, such as "Mexico, a Study of Two Americas," by Stuart Chase, and "Viva Mexico!" by Charles Flandrau, have broadened our appreciation of the nation as a whole. Pinchon, himself, is the author of two earlier works on kindred subjects. Twenty years' "preoccupation with the Mexican scene," we are told, have gone into "Viva Villa!"—together with valuable assistance in research on the part of Odo B. Stade. The result is a truth-seeking but not a debunking biography. Mr. Pinchon has no chip of militant truth on his shoulder such as Rupert Hughes carries through his life of Washington. What he has written is probably history, as indicated by the map, illustrations, index, and bibliography. Yet it is not a history so far as Villa is concerned. Nor is it, in the finer sense, even a biography. It is, more accurately, a dramatic epic.

This is not altogether Pinchon's achievement. The subject was ready-made for such treatment. From the tiny pueblo in Durango where he was born the peon Doroteo Arango, past the whipping post at the hacienda de Gogojito which made him a bandido instead of a charro, on to the quiet street in Parral where as a retired general and respected hacendado he drove to his assassination, the life of Pancho Villa is almost perfectly rounded to tragedy. Yet so many narrators would have botched the epic unity with dull wandering and unimportant emphasis. Carl Sandburg, I am sure, would have bored and irritated with a thousand backtrackings and digressions. Marquis James is a happy exception, but his sense of organization is hardly superior to Pinchon's. "Viva Villa!" is one of the most direct and well organized biographies on the modern bookshelf.

The book makes exciting reading not only for its drama but for its vivid, often poetically illuminated writing. "If Death strike, does he not strike everyone at last? . . . Does he not ride on the bandido's crupper day and night? Who is he, this dark crony, that one should not light a cigarette in his face and casually pass him the match?" And of Villa: "And what a marvellous listener he is! How well he knows just when to . . . drop the right question . . . gently ply the pump handle to the mind that cannot of itself quite deliver its entire contents."

Except for occasional speeches which have a disappointingly bookish ring, the writing is always true. And engrossing as the narrative is—even where Villa's part dims inevitably on the broader stage of national events—there is little of that extra pressure on the dramatic pedal, which is such a common fault with biographers. The present tense used consistently is noticeable, but too effective to be objectionable.

"It is a curious reflection," says Allan Monkhouse in the Manchester *Guardian*, "that the growth of pacifism coincides with an increase of brutality in literature. I do not think there is much doubt about this, and perhaps the cause is the discovery that life is more brutal than it had pretended to be. There is much that is dreadful and something that is pitiless in modern novels. One does not wish for a literature in which the spirit of Jane Austen is the limit to the ferocious, but it does seem queer that the desire for peace and that for blood should be manifested together."

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

VIVA VILLA. By EDGECUMB PINCHON. *Harcourt, Brace.*
A lively, but careful, biography of the "Bad Man of Mexico."

PAPA LA FLEUR. By ZONA GALE. *Appleton.*
A brief and effective tale of the constantly repeated conflict between youth and age.

A HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By JOSEPH KASTEIN. *Viking.*
A scholarly and interesting chronicle.

This Less Recent Book:

THE COMPLETE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN. *Modern Library.*
There can be no better value for a dollar.

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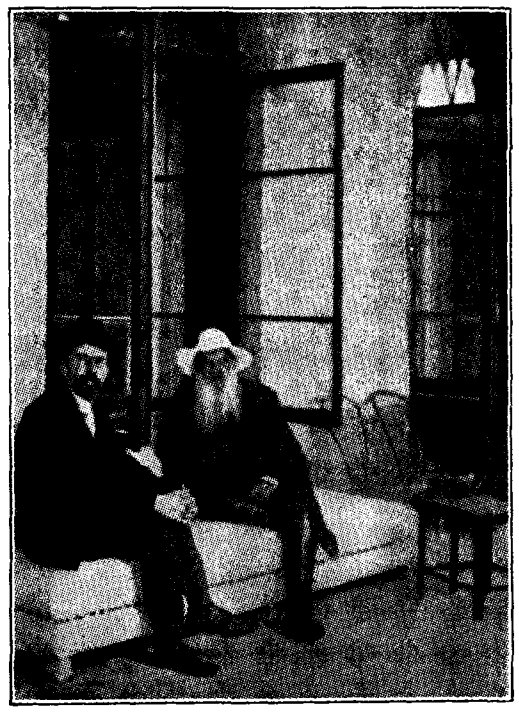
Controversy

THE TRAGEDY OF TOLSTOY. By COUNTESS ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

NEARLY ever member of the Tolstoy family has expressed himself in either book or essay concerning the differences between Leo Tolstoy and his wife. There seems to have been as little accord among the offspring as between their parents regarding the points at issue. As a rule the sons are in sympathy with their mother and the daughters are partial to the father.

The present volume, by Tolstoy's youngest daughter, Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, deals with the most controversial issue between her parents in the closing years of their lives. It is intended as a defense of her father's and Countess Alexandra's own position. For, according to her own account, the author had no small share in the intrigues, discord, and confusion which preceded Tolstoy's flight from Yashaya Polyana and his subsequent illness and death at Astapovo. The point of contention involved the now famous Tolstoy secret will which was written July 22, 1910, and in which he bequeathed all his copyrights to his daughter Alexandra in order that she might utilize the income for the purchase of the Tolstoy lands and divide these lands among the peasants. Countess Tolstoy disapproved of this will. She insisted that there was a tacit agreement between herself and her genius husband that the author's rights in his novels should be left to the family and that only the income from his religious publications should become the people's property. In defense of her position she pleaded that she had worked very hard on the novels, having copied "War and Peace" alone seven times in her own hand, and that she was therefore justified in demanding that the beneficiaries therefrom should be her numerous children and grandchildren. Chertkov, on the other hand, was aware that the income from Tolstoy's religious books was small, that "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" were the only books which sold well.



CHEKHOV AND TOLSTOY

The final crisis which precipitated Tolstoy's break with his wife, however, seems to have been the result not so much of the actual letter of the will as of the fact that it was made secretly, and under the complete influence of his friend and disciple Chertkov and, as it now appears, Countess Alexandra. Countess Tolstoy in her Autobiography insists that it was the first time that her husband had deprived her of his confidence and that this made her unhappy to the point of insanity. She was hysterical and often behaved badly towards her husband as a result of it. But during the last six months of Tolstoy's life, and particularly the four months subsequent to the making of the will, Countess Tolstoy was not the only victim of hysteria. Countess Alexandra seems to have been distraught as her mother and often just as much at fault and irresponsible. The entire family, not barring the great novelist, was in a nervous and turbulent state. On the question of the will, the sons were in entire agreement with their mother. In "The Truth About My Father" Leo Tolstoy the younger writes: "In concealing the existence of this will, he (Tolstoy) had to lie to his wife, which created an untenable situation in the family."

The entry in Tolstoy's diary proves beyond all doubt that he himself realized the shabbiness of this act and suffered as a result of it. He writes: "I very clearly see my mistake; I ought to have called together all my heirs and told them my intention; I ought not to have kept it secret." And again on August 5th, "It is painful, the constant secrecy and fear for her. . . ." The entry on August 10th shows that to the very end he was not free of the Tolstoyan conflict—sin and repentance. "It is good to feel oneself guilty, as I do," he wrote. But the fact remains that he felt himself guilty. This guilt, "The Tragedy of Tolstoy" endeavors to remove. It is a singularly biased narrative in which the last ten years of Tolstoy's life are painted in the darkest colors. The present reviewer is well acquainted with the proverbial sincerity of the Russians as exhibited, among other things, in their traditional frankness about the merit or faults of their parents. But one has never encountered an active hatred towards a mother who has been dead thirteen years such as is contained in this volume. Even when allowance is made for the fact that Countess Alexandra is the youngest, that she knew her parents only during the last ten years of their married life, when Tolstoy was past seventy, and their differences were more apparent, it is still difficult to explain her attitude towards her mother. In the opinion of her own daughter Countess Tolstoy is all black. Countess Alexandra worshipped her father not as a master realist, of that there is not a trace in this volume, but as the interpreter of the doctrine of Christian love and forgiveness. Yet in her commentary on her mother there is not the slightest indication of either of these virtues. Her avowed aversion to her mother she attributes to the fact that her old nurse told her that the mother did not want the child when she was born; that she had in fact tried to bring on an abortion, and that she did not suckle the child herself as she did ten of her thirteen children, but neglected her and gave her entire love and attention to Vanichka, her younger brother who died as a boy. A spinster herself, she reverts to this grievance repeatedly, quite unconscious of the hardships involved in bearing so many children, particularly for so versatile, active, and cultivated a woman as her mother.

The vehemence of her indictment thus destroys its purpose which is to present the case for Tolstoy and his followers. Tolstoy himself emerges from the pen of his daughter a weak, extremely jealous, erratic old man who is still struggling in the effort to escape from the world and to attain God, an ideal which he had not the good fortune to achieve. For even on his deathbed he was decidedly of the world and unable to surrender himself to his Maker. Instead of communing with God he insisted upon dictating messages to the world until the end.

Jealousy was a dominant evil in the Tolstoy household. The father was jealous of his wife, and later of his daughters. The mother was jealous of her daughters, and in a less degree the sisters were jealous of each other and their mother in so far as their father's attention was concerned. According to Countess Alexandra, on one occasion when she was particularly affected by one of her father's utterances and left his study in tears, her sister Masha asked her, "What was the matter? Why did you start howling—were you perhaps jealous of father and me?" After the marriage of Tanya and the death of Masha, Countess Alexandra remained in command and according to her own narrative the schism between her parents widened rapidly as a result.

It is a distressing chronicle in which the author does not appear to advantage, nor does she achieve her objective. Countess Alexandra seems to have been unaware of the fact that according to her father's teachings the thing that mattered was his desire to be kind to the peasants and not the testament itself, the scrap of paper. By Tolstoy's principles his own home was as good a place for communion with God as any other. But then the author does not seem to realize that if Tolstoy were to read her book he would be shocked beyond words by her vehemence and would have reason to feel completely defeated. One tragedy of Tolstoy would consist in the fact that his nearest disciple, his daughter, seems to be completely lacking in the qualities of love and forgiveness.

Partisan though it is, the present volume is unquestionably an important contribution to the subject. It is of great value as a supplement to her mother's famous Diary.

Horse Fair

(*Stow-in-the-Wold*)

By ALASTAIR W. R. MILLER

THE Cotswold spring was bright and clear;
And every stretch of ploughland near
And ploughland far and ploughed horizon
Were bright and clear as was the season.
The hills were arching like a palace;
And made a haven of the valleys
Where hillstreams rested, tumble-tired,
And whitethorn bloomed and blackthorn flowered—
In blossomed vesture gaily scorning
The chilly breezes of the morning.
The sky was fast and clean between
The clouds which barely skimmed the green
Long land (it seemed at every step
That they on some high tree must trip
And swamp some valley, clothing warmer
The blossomed tree and homespun farmer).
Thus was the Cotswold spring that day.

Farmers had risen while dawn was grey;
And their men had risen while dawn was greyer,
Preparing the horses. Pony and mare
And foal and colt and horse that ran
Between the shafts of some trade van
And horse that pulled the plough and horse
That felt at home on the racing course—
All had risen before the sun;
All were ready; all was done.
And the farmers' wives had risen early;
Adding to the hurly-burly
Of horse and harness, farmer and groom,
By running about from room to room;
In and out of their spacious kitchens;
Bent on carryings, bent on fetchings;
Putting food and drink and straw and whip
Neatly into a pony trap.

Farmers had gone when day had broken
And the cock had crowed and the world awoken.
With his wife beside him, prim and trim,
And his horses following after him,
Every farmer of that part
Was jogging towards the fair in a cart.
All the men and horses made
An unending cavalcade,
Jauntily jogging towards the fair.
The hooves of horses stirred the air
And filled the air: and often the crack
Of whip hit the hills and echoed back:
And often an oath went echoing
Loudly into the Cotswold spring.

Horses fill the street:
And friendly farmers meet
Either at the Pipe and Can
Or else the Green Man,
And forget the auctioneer
In pints of Gloucester beer.
Yet the auctioneer never
Forgets himself, but rather
Looks mightier and firmer
With his imperial hammer
Than a king could look if he tried
With a sceptre by his side.
Royal bowler over his eyes,
In majestic voice he cries:—
"Now, gentlemen, a butcher's cob!
"Thoroughly used to his job;
"Would do to follow the hounds!"
Laughter. Someone says, "Five pounds."
"Five pounds? Now, what d'you say?
"I call that giving away!
"Come now! A very good horse;
"Used to his job."—A pause.—
"Five-ten. Six-ten. Make it even
"Someone! How about seven?
"Seven. Right, sir! Seven-ten.
"Now come on, gentlemen!
"We can't afford to wait.
"Now how about it? Eight."
Silence held the rabble
As the hammer hung over the table.
His broad face was almost laughing
As he, goodhumouredly chaffing
The anxious farmers, said, "Well, mind!
"Gentlemen, I shall sell, mind!"
Silence. Every anxious farmer
Looked stupidly at the hammer.
Someone said calmly, "Eight-ten."
"I shall sell, mind, gentlemen!
"Going at eight-ten! Going!
"Going, gentlemen! Going!"
Nobody nodded or signed.
"I shall sell, gentlemen, mind!
"I shall sell . . . sell . . . sell . . ."
Loudly the hammer fell
Silence. Then everyone is
Talking of that and this,
While the horse is led off to pasture
At the hand of his new master.

Now comes another horse, rearing
And kicking; so the people, fearing
For their children, back in a mass
To let the beast pass.
But hush! The auctioneer!
"Gentlemen, this beast here . . ."
And so on: the same old banter
About how the horse can canter
Or gallop or drag or trot
And other things like that.
"Now, sirs, let's hear you bid.
"She's cheap at twenty quid!"
A voice: "Let's see her go."
The crowd move back and so
Doing trip and swear
Till part of the road is clear;
Then a man runs the horse on a rein
Along it and back again.
The crowd closes round, and men
Measure the animal. Then
The bidding gets higher and higher,
And the smiles of the auctioneer
Get ever more broad and gay.

So it goes on all day.

The dusk is down. The horses go
Some hence, some home again;
In weary jingle-jangling row
Along the evening lane.
The town is left alone;
And the night is down.

"A new museum, unique in its kind," according to the London *Observer*, "will be opened in Vienna in the spring by the new Archbishop, Dr. Theodor Innitzer, who is a great lover of Church art. He has ordered that room shall be reserved for it in the historic Palace of the Archbishop.

The museum will contain relics and works of art dating from the early days of Christianity. So far these have been inaccessible to the public, and have been kept at St. Stephen's Cathedral, in the closed Lichtenstein Chapel.

The treasures include presents given by Emperor Maximilian of Hapsburg to the Church centuries ago. Among the relics may be mentioned an enamel tablet from the twelfth century, old chalices of gold and silver, and beautiful monstrances in Gothic style.

"The Mediterranean in the Ancient World" is the title of a book at present in preparation by Professor J. Holland oRse. According to the London *Times Literary Supplement*, while not claiming to be a naval history of the period, it seeks to describe briefly man's early efforts at shipbuilding, navigation, seaborne trade and colonization from Phoenician times to those of the Roman Empire; also to estimate the influence of the sea on the development of civilization.

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ART AND A DASH OF FICTION

Picture Books

MY WAR. By SZEGEDI SZUTS. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1932. $4.
WILD PILGRIMAGE. By LYND WARD. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1932. $3.
THE SEAL IN THE BEDROOM. By JAMES THURBER. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

A FEW years ago the popular magazines — probably believing the running man could not read intelligently — increased the space given illustrations. Now we have the pictorial novel. Two of the three books listed above—"Wild Pilgrimage" and "My War" —are of this order. Thurber's book is a collection of drawings, some of which have appeared in the *New Yorker*, bearing captions. Still some of these are story telling strips and one collection within the larger one entitled "The Race for Life" is at least a short story. The Szuts drawings have legends but these are given in the beginning of the book, not under them, and need, indeed, rarely be referred to. It is far more successful as a novel than the too theatrical Ward production.

Szegedi Szuts is a Hungarian artist whose exhibition at a gallery there recently won high praise from London critics. He is not confused by art or self-conscious in it. He felt the horrors of the war bitterly and his story is in the end a bitter one. But it has its moments of joy, of youth in love, of youth proud in the trappings of soldiering. Lynd Ward's story, on the other hand, has a *parti pris*. He is more conscious of art than of life. While doing an essentially expressionist job he seems to have feared that too much interest in life, and the recording of it, might contaminate the purity of his art. And his tale with its cast-iron figures and trees and factory chimnies is much too sad to be true. Mr. Thurber's book is not in a class with the other two. It is to be feared that he will sometime learn to draw, to make his puppets resemble the people of everyday life. When this happens they will be taken out of that Thurber world in which they now live and the wonderfully ludicrous situations in which they can now find themselves will no longer be tenable. It is to be hoped that this will not happen soon.

Gaddo Gaddi

THE ISAAC MASTER, a Reconstruction of the Work of Gaddo Gaddi. By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR. (Princeton Monographs in Art and Archæology, XVII). Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1932. $8.

Reviewed by FREDERICK M. CLAPP

THIS is an exception among archæological books. Written with clarity and ease, it presents with lightness, vision, and humor, an important and intricate problem. Mr. Mather, the charm of whose critical writings is known to so many, appears here as an exponent of the most probing research.

The decoration of San Francesco at Assisi was a turning-point in European art, contemporary with a new feeling for life —a new sense of humility, simplicity, and fervent hope. Such moments are rare. They transform art.

Documents about the church are few, legends confused, and the history of the frescoes obscure. In part they are obliterated. Various attempts have been made to disentangle the styles of the painters who worked there. None has been satisfying nor is the accepted chronology reasonable. Some writers have held that Cavallini, as revealed in the Sta. Cecilia frescoes, influenced much of the work, but Mr. Mather's thesis is more interesting and more carefully studied. He finds the outstanding frescoes preceding Giotto's to be those of the life of Isaac. These he provisionally gives to "The Isaac Master." Painted in a new technique, with a new intensity of observation, they are masterly in execution, and imply study of surviving fragments of the classic world and of early Christian mosaics in Rome.

Mr. Mather then makes clear the likeness between these Isaac frescoes and the episodic mosaics on the façade of Sta. Maria Maggiore. He shows that tradition gives the latter to the Florentine, Gaddo Gaddi, though recent times have disregarded Vasari and ascribed the whole façade to Rusuti who signed its "Christ in Glory."

We pass then to the mosaics in the Florentine Baptistery. From the relationship of these to Assisi and Rome, Mr. Mather establishes the nature and development of Gaddi's genius. The word is used thoughtfully; for, when a logical chronology is worked out, Gaddi stands out as the great precursor of the modern age, the inspiration of Giotto, the spiritual ancestor of Massaccio, Leonardo, Cézanne, and, in a word, of all painters who have felt vivid representations of mass to be the real problem of painting as an art.

That makes Gaddi the first artist to break with the linear-decorative forms of the Middle Ages and seek in plasticity the truth of form. It gives him an unexpected eminence and wrecks the critical work of those, including Van Marle, Thode, and Venturi, who see in the tender, timid Cavallini the molding force that was finally fully expressed in Giotto's eighteen frescoes of the life of the saint.

Many other relationships come to light in this admirable piece of research. Mr. Mather knows the period as few do. His trained eye and clear head make it possible for him to give body and force to hypotheses that would otherwise dangle in mid air. And he is at pains to tell us when hypothetical threads are spun out thin.

Admirers of the *poverello*, and students of his mystic revaluation of values, will be interested in this book, if they know the vast church that imprisons his anarchical dream. In the world of art studies the book will be much discussed.

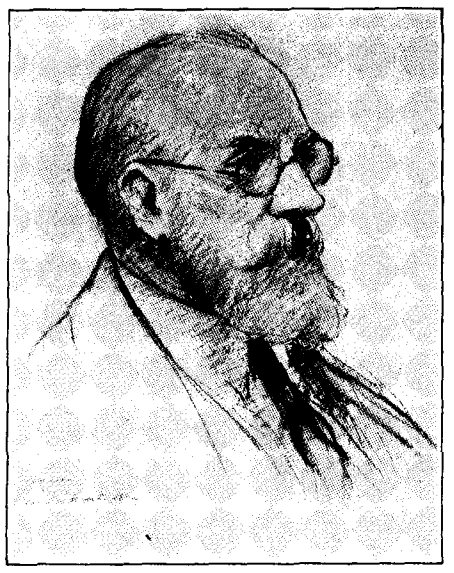
To measure its import we must remember that "The Isaac Master's," or really Gaddo Gaddi's, work at Assisi has been ascribed to the young Giotto by such students as Thode, Zimmerman, Hermanin, Toesca, and Berenson.

Matisse

THE ART OF HENRI MATISSE. By ALBERT A. BARNES and VIOLETTE DE MAZIA. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

THIS is one of those closely knit studies in analysis which characterize the critical work of the Barnes Foundation. The methods of Matisse's picture making are presented clearly, consistently, and in every technical aspect, and each chapter is followed by a summary, sometimes not much shorter than the chapter itself, while apart



HENRI MATISSE.
Reproduced from "Drawn from Life," by S. J. Woolf (Whittlesey).

from the general analysis of Matisse's design, many pictures are separately and more elaborately analyzed. All this involves, from the point of view of the general reader, an inordinate repetitiousness, but for the special student, for whose instruction apparently the book is written, the procedure has obvious advantages.

On the critical side Matisse is treated as a consummate virtuoso in decorative design—a judgment which no unprejudiced person is likely to controvert. In Matisse the emphasis of all decorative possibilities involves a sacrifice of more general and important meanings inherent in his subject matter. In short, for the authors, his amazing resourcefulness and versatility lead him away from the greater meanings, and make him an artist of the lesser sort—what Sir Joshua would have called a painter in the "ornamental manner." All the same Matisse is to be regarded as the most important of contemporary artists. Here an ultimate consoling bouquet seems to be handed to the painter by critics who are suddenly aware that they have been too much his candid friends.

Much stress is laid upon Matisse's very astute consultation of the most various traditions, — Byzantine, Coptic, Persian, Japanese, Chinese, Negro. Much of this was already in the air, but the treatment admirably reenforced by well-chosen illustrations is refreshingly concrete and complete. That Matisse has always fully assimilated his favorite traditions is the constant contention of the authors. From the evidence they offer, most readers may feel that Matisse is rather an egregious eclectic than, even as a decorator, fully creative.

Much is made, too, of a principle of "transferred values," by which the picture tends to ape the preciousness of other arts—mosaic, tapestry, Persian tiles, flags, cretonnes, negro sculpture, and these transfers are ingeniously demonstrated by the illustrations. The authors approve a procedure the merit of which is most questionable. A good case could be made for the Matisses being always inferior to the exemplars from which they derive. For example it may be doubted if any Persian or Japanese Matisse is anywhere near as fine as a fine Persian or Japanese thing. In short, the transferred value may seem always to be reduced—to be vitiated by electicism.

On all such matters the authors while holding their own positions clearly and strongly, present the whole evidence so that the reader may draw his own conclusions. If a seminar were to be conducted anent the art of Matisse, this book would give an ideal point of departure. The authors are to be congratulated upon their sureness of touch and selection.

A Picaresque Tale

A YANKEE ROVER. The Adventures of Jonathan Drew During the Years 1824-29. By CHRISTOPHER WARD. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE best feature of these narratives of a Yankee wanderer which Mr. Ward is writing is the gusto they show for the varied scenes of American life a hundred years ago. Because they were written with keen enjoyment they can be read with enjoyment. The contrasting colors of Southern plantations, Eastern cities, and Western frontier, the picturesqueness of rough human types, the flavor of provincial dialects, the adventures then to be encountered in lawless communities, have touched the author's imagination. He would like to have been alive in 1825. He makes the reader wish that he also had been a foot-free traveller when the Erie Canal was just open, the South was covering new territories with cotton and slaves, the Mississippi was becoming alive with steamboats, buffalo were still being shot in Iowa, the Santa Fé trail was growing crowded, and our population was catching the full impulse of the Jacksonian spirit.

This second volume of Jonathan Drew's peregrinations shows the same merits and defects as the first. It is obviously written out of a synthetic inkbottle. The author has ransacked dozens of old travels, autobiographies, histories, and gazetteers—but above all, travels—for materials; he has carved out what he wanted with eager hand, and sometimes the origin of whole blocks is patent to anybody who knows the literature of the time. He has crammed his pages with adventures, till Jonathan Drew enjoys three or four times as many as even the most reckless and enterprising youth could have found. Though he has drawn many skilful sketches of American types, he has not really created a single character—has not

CHRISTOPHER WARD

breathed the breath of life into Drew himself. His picture of America a century ago is a melodramatic picture. So much for the faults of the book; but every fault is counterbalanced by a virtue. The tale is racy, it is authentic, it has a strong narrative interest, and taken simply as a panorama of the rough-and-ready aspect of America in 1825-30, it is equally instructive and entertaining. It is to be read full pace, for broad effect, without pausing to think of improbabilities or blemishes; and when so read, it produces a marked impression. The readers for whom it is designed will rise from it with a fuller understanding of our national past, a better appreciation of the qualities our ancestors showed in hewing a civilization out of the wilderness.

Mr. Ward is at his best in his quieter, more descriptive chapters; he is at his worst when his zest for action leads him into violence piled on violence. These gouging matches, bowie-knife duels, hair-breadth escapes from robber gangs, Indian battles, and prairie fires may suit adolescents, but an adult taste prefers more sober fare. Fortunately we are given it. The present story opens in the South, with a graphic sketch of Charleston people and manners and with some scenes of slave life that are neither sentimentalized nor coarsened. There is a good account of White Sulphur Springs at the beginning of its heyday. Better still are the descriptions of Ohio River traffic and of navigation on the lower Missouri when Independence was a new town. The outfitting of Santa Fé caravans, the sights and sensations of the slow journey to the Southwest, and the aspect of Santa Fé itself, are vigorously set forth with material drawn from Gregg and many another old book. Encounters with Kaws and Comanches give Mr. Ward an opportunity to treat of Indian life and character. Altogether, it is an engaging book, and we shall gladly follow Jonathan Drew in another volume into the eighteen-thirties.

Writing in her "Life of Lord Oxford" of a railway journey with her father immediately after Asquith's defeat in the general election of 1924, Lady Bonham-Carter says: "I looked across at father in an agony of solicitude (for I knew how the good-byes had moved him), then, meeting his calm gaze, I realized suddenly that he had already made his peace with events. Groping wildly for a lifeline that might draw me into smooth waters by his side, I asked in as steady a voice as possible, 'I suppose you haven't by chance got an old P. G. Wodehouse in your bag that you could lend me?' A smile of instant response, mingled, I thought, with relief, lit up his face as he replied triumphantly: 'Being a provident man, I have got in my bag, not one, but four brand-new ones!'"

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

THE ADVANCES OF HARRIET. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $2.

At seventeen Harriet Greke is certain that direct methods in love work best, having proved the theorem on her native heath, on the squire's son, Cyprian. But in Paris, where she goes to join her elder half-sister, Anne, she encounters a perplexing code of ethics when she attempts to ensnare Pierre and to come between Anne and her admirer, Michael Ainley. She is led to the fountain of French wisdom by Pierre, by Anne, by Madame de Brissac, and others—but is incapable of drinking much therefrom. Before the rebellious Harriet has done, every fragile piece in the china-shop is threatened with destruction. Phyllis Bottome writes dexterously and with insight of French life, and "The Advances of Harriet" will surely be popular among readers of light fiction.

THE LONELY MAN. By GILBERT FRANKAU. Dutton. 1933. $2.50.

In this swank tale of love and the secret service Mr. Frankau lavishes his gilt and glamour on that lonely man of mystery, Marcus Orlando, member of Department Y, and the last of a long line of kings. Worshiping woman as *casta et pura*, Marcus has just divorced his second wife, Lalage, when he meets Alix Ingram. When Alix, too, shows a foot of clay Marcus accepts a perilous mission to Angora. There he encounters Alix's betrayer; recites his tale of woman's infidelity to his old friend Mustapha Kemal; and in Trans-Caucasia risks worse than death. Through it all he asks if love be flesh-thing or soul-thing, and mutters, "Kismet, Kismet." But "in the coolth of the evening," as Mr. Frankau says, all ends happily.

DAMNED IF THEY DO. By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH. Morrow. 1933. $2.

Miss Smith's book is less a novel than a tract: a study of marriage versus career; domesticity and babies versus freedom and the maintenance of individuality. As such, it may be appraised from two viewpoints—its success as a novel; its success as a tract.

Since the book is primarily didactic in concept and execution, it deserves attention first on that score. The quotation from Euripides's "Medea" provides a keynote: "Sooner would I stand Three times to face their battles, shield in hand, Than bear one child." In common with many before her, the author has discovered the primitive and bloody horrors of childbirth, its inevitable sequelæ: weariness of the flesh and spirit, lack of freedom, loss of attractiveness. The cause and its results she sets down here with a surprising lack of imagination; she takes a random shot at the old-school physician, drags in stray characters to express various sidelights on the problem, indulges in obvious symbolical comments. She sets forth self-evident conclusions with an air of discovery: that the bearing of children is a chain for the woman (unjust, undignified, humiliating, painful); that the barrenness of a woman can be just as undignified, humiliating, painful, and unjust—Damned if they do . . . and if they don't! No new light is shed on the subject of parturition and perhaps it never will be, for there remain a few things still beyond human understanding and evaluation.

As a novel, "Damned If They Do" is adequate and commonplace. It is still within the province of the artist to illumine the intricate relationships of human beings and by the synthesis of his insight and his art, stir emotion in the reader. To this presentation, in fiction, of the marital difficulties of Marny and her husband Brad, and the complications introduced in the person of the other woman, Kay, Miss Smith has contributed little insight, a few more obstetrical details, a very ordinary understanding of life and small art.

International

RUSSIA AND ASIA. By PRINCE A. LOBANOV-ROSTOVSKY. Macmillan. 1933. $2.50.

The author of this volume, an assistant professor of history in the University of California, at Los Angeles, has given us an excellent survey of a vast and intricate field of international activity. When we realize that Russia is in contact with other countries of Asia from Turkey to Japan and that she has had intimate if not violent relations with all of them either under the Czars or under the Soviets, we the more readily appreciate the magnitude of the task and the skill with which the author has brought a vast amount of material into proper perspective.

It is not only in proper perspective but it is readable and understandable. More books like this would make it easier for the people of this country to comprehend the import of various world problems and the manner in which they impinge upon our own welfare. It is particularly timely as a background for the present position of Russia with regard to the conflict between China and Japan.

Chinese statesmen must time and again have paralleled the thought of Li Hung Chang after he had visited Russia in 1896: "If Russia did not want to control us in all our home affairs what a strong alliance would be possible between us." Japanese statesmen might also find something there to ponder over.

BELLES LETTRES

The Epistolary Novel. G. F. Singer. Univ. of Pa. Pr. $3.

MISCELLANEOUS

America on Trial. P. Phelps. New York: Powers. *Shorthand Letters of Samuel Pepys.* Transcribed and ed. E. Chappell. Macmil. $2.75. *Scottish Abbeys and Social Life.* G. G. Coulton. Macmil. $3. *Earth Oil.* G. Egloff. Cent. $1. *Youth and Sex.* M. Booth. Morrow. $2. *Scotland Yard.* A. F. Neil. Doubl., Dor. $2.50. *Norwegian Sailors in American Waters.* K. G. Northfield. Minn.: Norweg.-Am. Hist. Ass. $2.50. *Toward the Understanding of Karl Marx.* S. Hook. Day. $2.50. *Deck Sports.* M. H. Feddersen. Hale, Cush. & Fli. $2. *Business—a Profession.* L. D. Brandeis. Hale, Cush. & Fli. $3. *London,* E. O. Hoppé. Hale, Cush. & Fli. $2.50. *The Story of the Garden.* E. S. Rohde. Hale, Cush. & Fli. $4.50. *The Mystery Puzzle Book.* L. Wren and R. McKay. Crow. $1.50. *Can Business Build a Great Age?* W. Kixmiller. Macmil. $2.50. *Language.* L. Bloomfield. Holt. *Agricultural Systems of Middle Europe.* Ed. O. S. Morgan. Macmil. $5. *Forced Labor.* W. Wilson. International. $1.50. *The Young Stamp Collector's Own Book.* E. P. Butler. Bobbs-Mer. $2.75. *The Great Technology.* H. Rugg. Day. $2.50.

FICTION

Banana Bottom. C. McKay. Harp. $2.50. *Hag's Nook.* J. D. Carr. Harp. $2. *The Great Crooner.* C. B. Kelland. Harp. $2. *In God's Land.* M. A. Nexö. New York: Peter Smith. $2.50. *The Years of Love.* M. Widdemer. Far. & Rin. $2 net. *Man and Wife.* B. Brown. Kend. $2. *Ranchero.* S. E. White. Doubl., Dor. *Around the Corner.* A. Pound. Sears. $2.50. *Lake of Fire.* L. Houser. Kendall. $2.50. *A Watch in the Night.* H. C. White. $2. *Outside Eden.* J. C. Squire. Knopf. $2.40. *White Man, Brown Woman.* T. L. Richards and T. S. Gurr. Dodd, Mead. $3. *New Road.* M. Colby. Vik. $2.50. *The Ladies' Road.* C. Hinkson. Longm., Green. $2.50. *The Green Scamander.* Hought., Mif. $2. *City Without a Heart.* Hought., Mif. $2. *One, None, and a Hundred Thousand.* L. Pirandello. Dut. *On the Hill.* L. Gibbs. Appl. $2. *Human Nature.* E. Wharton. Appl. $2. *Murder on Shadow Island.* G. Weston. Far. & Rin. $2 net. *Wilderness Walls.* J. Rolyat. Dut. $2.35. *Solal.* A. Cohen. Dut. $2.40. *The Wrong Murder Mystery.* C. Berry. Dut. $2.

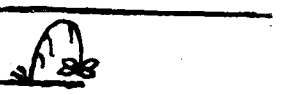
Children's Bookshelf

IN spite of the countless efforts no memorable story has ever been written by merely stringing together a grandfather, a hired man, a hay wagon and four children and calling the result Happy Days on the Farm. "Cherry Farm" by Mary W. Thompson (Stokes, $1.50) is no better and no worse than the usual Happy Days and the little dressed up girl and the smart alec boy from the city all jump in the hay, are chased by a bull, and hunt for treasure on a rainy day. But somehow they are not alive. There is one nice chapter in which Lucy takes a root of catnip to a city friend to plant in her garden, and the most surprising results occur. Wanda Gag should have illustrated that bit. "Cherry Farm" is very light summer reading.

In "Pyxie" by Ethel C. Phillips (Houghton Mifflin, $2) is a little eight-year-old boy who lives in the pine woods of New Jersey. We meet him as his life is changing from an irresponsible existence in the woods with gypsies to that of the adopted child of Miss Mattie, who sends him to school in clean overalls and encourages him to read books from the travelling library. His creator is not satisfied with so much improvement in a year but she must make a hero of him, too, which seems unnecessary for one so young.

"The Four Young Kendalls" by Eliza Ann White (Houghton Mifflin, $1.75) is a tale of four city children and their learning to like their new stepmother and of her tactful management of them and their pets in a new house in the country. If I were a child I should want to know much more about the children's private adventures and a good deal less about their stepmother. Surely they must sometimes have slid down the laundry chute or jumped off the garage roof or made a hut.

"Two Boys," written and illustrated by Lincoln Fay Robinson (Doubleday, Doran, $1.50), is a book to praise wholeheartedly. The words without the pictures or the pictures without the words stand far above the average child's book of everyday life. The story is of the author's own childhood and not so far distant at that, as he is only lately out of Harvard. He and his older brother went to live on a farm when they were four and seven or thereabouts. The crayon drawings on every page show their daily life for several years, and what a life it was from the day they drove up to the door of the farm with a grand flourish in a surrey with an elegant fringed canopy. From that moment on what things there were to do and investigate! Nine-year-old George says, "That doesn't seem like a book to me because they only did the same things we do, and that boy's hair doesn't stay combed any better than Richard's does. Evidently these boys in the book had parents because they went on Bird Walks which someone must have put them up to, and they had Perry Pictures which someone must have given them, but both parents were busy attending to their own affairs such as an architect office or having a baby, and did nothing to interfere with their children's growing up and looking at the Dipper and writing stories and poems, beyond housing, feeding, and clothing the creatures. I'm sure the author cannot be induced to do a Twins' Series but perhaps he will take the time to set down his schoolboy adventures as amusingly as he did these earliest memories.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A Letter from Switzerland

By RENÉ RAPIN

A NUMBER of interesting books have been published in Switzerland in the last twelve months or so.

Music lovers and, in particular, those interested in the folk song have been given a very important volume, "La Suisse Qui Chante" (Lausanne, Freudweiler-Spiro), published simultaneously in French and in German (German edition, "Die Schweiz, Die Singt," Erlenbach-Zurich, Rentsch). The book, a handsome quarto, with about 150 documentary illustrations, is edited by P. Budry, the well-known art critic. It contains an important essay on the place played by music in Swiss life, a complete study of the development of music in Switzerland (with some very curious information on the unusual development of choral music and Festspiele), and, what will be to many its greatest attraction, the first anthology (text and music) of Swiss folk songs in the four national languages.

Paul Budry has also gratified the wishes of admirers of Hermanjat and Bosshard, two of our best contemporary painters, by publishing illustrated studies of their work (Lausanne, Editions Romanes), the one consecrated to Bosshard containing illustrations in color which really do justice to his work.

A great many people, however, do not think of Switzerland as a country of painters or musicians, but as the land of rocks, and snow-clad mountains, and the joys and perils of climbing. To such I should like to recommend three books—Ramuz's "Farinet" (which I shall comment on below); Auguste Vautier's "Gabrisse," the simple, artless diary of one of the mountaineers who watch over the huts and shelters erected by the Swiss Alpine Club; E. R. Blanchet's "Hors des Chemins Battus" (Paris, Editions de France), an impressive account of audacious climbs and breath-taking experiences in the mountains, all the more impressive because of the unusual personality of the author, a pianist and composer, and one of the greatest living interpreters of Chopin.

Of essays, short stories, and novels we have had a plenty, and even a few exceptionally interesting scholarly works. One of them, Madame Cécile Delhorbe's "L'Affaire Dreyfus et les Ecrivains Français" (Paris & Neuchâtel, Attinger), deserves to be specially noticed. The first complete survey of an important and difficult subject, it will not easily be superseded or improved. Even on such authors as Anatole France or Proust, the author manages to give new information or, with the lightest of touches, to say things that go deep and suggest new points of view. Although a large book and, in its original form, a thesis for the Litt. D. degree, "L'Affaire Dreyfus" is most entertaining and witty, and reads more easily than many novels.

Another book published by Attinger, though not quite so recent, will be of particular interest to American readers. It is "Le Monde Occidental ou Poésie de l'Amérique," by H. de Ziegler, a Geneva novelist and poet. H. de Ziegler, who, about two years ago, gave a number of lectures in Canada and in the United States, has written his impressions of the American scene. Unlike Keyserling's or Duhamel's, they are almost entirely favorable. Keenly aware of the weaknesses and the absurdities of American thought and of American life, H. de Ziegler yet conveys the feeling that America and the Americans do not deserve the strictures heaped upon them by some of their European observers. The book is short and easy to read and was written with evident gusto.

It would take a more competent pen to write about books published in German Switzerland. Among those that seem particularly important, I should like to mention "Die Alte Schweiz in Bildern" (Zurich, Orell Fussli), the first part (origins to eighteenth century) of a collection of pictures—over three hundred of them in this first volume—illustrating Swiss history by means of contemporary documents. Then there are new novels and collections of short stories by Federer, J. C. Heer, J. V. Widmann, Schaffner, and other contemporary writers, one of the most curious being C. F. Wiegand's "Das Opfer des Kaspar Freuler" (Frauenfeld, Huber), an historical novel, the pathetic story of a Swiss soldier's almost maniacal devotion to a French king. The new works of criticism include O. von Greyerz's short study of "Gotthelf" (Erlenbach-Zurich, Rentsch), Jonas Fraenkel's "Goethe's Erlebnis der Schweiz" (Bern & Leipzig, Benteli), Gottfried Bohnenblust's exhaustive and penetrating "Goethe und die Schweiz" (Huber), a study not only of Goethe's relationship to Switzerland, of the influence of Swiss landscape and Swiss people on his works, but also of his own influence on Swiss writers, musicians, and artists. We should also mention Josef Nadler's 'Literaturgeschichte der Deutschen Schweiz" (Zurich & Leipzig, Grethlein), a worthy complement to his great work "Literaturgeschichte der Deutschen Stämme und Landschaften," and, last not least, Robert Faesi's "Carl Spitteler's Weg and Werk" (Huber), the first full-length study on the work of Spitteler and one which I would particularly recommend to those American readers whom Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's and Mr. J. F. Muirhead's unsparing efforts have made aware of Switzerland's greatest modern poet.

But few Americans, I am told, read German. For those who do not, and yet are anxious for a taste of the best that contemporary Swiss literature has to offer, I would single out three novels.

The first is a translation, J. P. Zimmermann's accurate and expressive translation into French of Gottfried Keller's immortal "Der Grüne Heinrich." The new translation ("Henri le Vert," Editions des Lettres de Lausanne), the second and last volume of which is being published just now, will bring many new admirers to a book (one of the classics of German literature) which is one of those long (satisfyingly long) novels that tell the tale of the adventures and perplexities, the errors and ecstasies, the despairs and the triumphs of intensely-living youth. The book is unique, only comparable at best with such masterpieces as Borrow's "Lavengro" or Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister."

The other two books are C. F. Ramuz's latest novels, "Farinet ou la Fausse Monnaie" and "Adam et Eve," both published by Mermod (Lausanne, Aujourd'hui) in 1932.

Farinet is one of those simple, inarticulate mountaineers whom Ramuz has always been interested in (see for example "Jean-Luc Persécuté," one of his earliest and most powerful works). He is born in one of the villages in Valais where people are contrabandists and poachers because they cannot see why the government (a far-away and almost mythical monster) should interfere with their ways and liberty. A bare summary of the main thread of the intrigue would do no justice to the beauty of the book. It is not merely the story of Farinet's life and death, not merely the account of his conflict with society, nor of that deeper conflict, in Farinet's heart, between the call of love and of a peaceful life and the harder exigencies of liberty. It is all that and it is more. In "Farinet," Ramuz has not only written a finely constructed novel, he has written a wonderful poem to the glory of the mountains and the glory of liberty. For the two are constantly associated in the book.

"Adam et Eve" is pitched in a lower key. The calm Vaudois countryside takes the place of the keen air of the mountains and no longer is man cast in the heroic mould. Yet Bolomey, the principal character in "Adam et Eve," is Farinet's brother after all: like him he is a dreamer, though his dream is not of gold and liberty, but of perfection and the lost Paradise. For, in "Adam et Eve," once more we have this theme, present in many books of Ramuz, though never, since the days of "Jean-Luc Persécuté," thus made the central motif of a whole work: man's longing for perfection, woman's willingness to compromise. The audacity and beauty of "Adam et Eve" lies in the art with which its philosophical theme is steeped in the concrete. A simple, pathetic story of frustrated human love, its higher implications take nothing from its deep reality. Ramuz in his own way, in his own language, with his own way of seeing things and of creating the world anew, joins the company of the great poets, moved by the pathos of man's imperfection, longing for the beauty and the perfection that shall not pass.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

R. E. S., Erie, Pa., asks for detectograms such as H. A. Ripley's "Minute Mysteries," and for plots for mystery stories.

CROWELL has just brought out a bumper book of mysteries and clues, with diagrams and answers at the back: this is "The Mystery-Puzzle Book," by Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay, with an introduction by S. S. Van Dine. It is supposed to take the place of jig-saws for the strong-minded who can resist the lure of the latter.

"Plots and Personalities," by E. E. Slosson and June Downey (Century), is an interesting little book published some years since, for one concerned with using the newspapers as material for short stories. In Alma Paschall's "Creative Expression" (Harper), which seems to me the most stimulating handbook for high-school composition, there is sound and inviting treatment of plots: this book is one of the results of the newer methods of teaching English; it must be a pretty dull pupil who would not respond to it.

But neither of these works leans especially to mysteries. Material for these—along with an excellent criminological collection—could be gathered by leaving with a book-scout an order to trail Philo Vance through the various volumes of S. S. Van Dine and pick up the classic titles he so cheerfully throws about. One with but an amateur interest in unnatural death may as well stick to works more readily accessible, those in which certain enthusiasts gifted no less with industry than with acumen and piquant speech, have gone through the records and brought out for us popular versions of unusual cases in court. Edmund Pearson, for example. Of course when he really gives his mind to a murder, like that of the Bordens in "Studies in Murder," it is over and done with for anyone else. We can but admire and quote. But in several of his cheerful compilations of lesser known crimes—for instance, "Instigation of the Devil"—there are still pickings for fiction. There are even more in the works of William Roughead, between whom and Mr. Pearson there have been exchanges of amenities. No wonder; each has, after his own special manner, the exquisite trick of balance in humor on grisly topics. Mr. Roughead is a Scotsman; there is a salty Northern tang to his subjects and even sometimes to his speech, the law language north of the Tweed having its picturesque differences. His latest, "Bad Companions" (Duffield), includes a couple of famous poisonings but most of its malefactors are anti-social along other and less accustomed lines. Then there are the works of the late Edward Marjoribanks, whose life of Marshall Hall, "For the Defence" (Macmillan), is a mine of famous court cases in which this brilliant criminal lawyer was by no means uniformly successful. Mr. Marjoribanks's "Carson the Advocate" (Macmillan) besides being probably the only case of a publisher's issuing a life of a living man by a dead one, has been generally reviewed mainly for giving the most detailed account of the trial of Oscar Wilde; it has, however, several famous cases such as the Phoenix Park murders, the Palm Sunday assassination at Barbavilla, and the curious case of Chapman the poisoner, sometimes suspected of being Jack the Ripper in his spare time.

So far as I know, no one has used in a novel one of the most dramatic murder cases provided by the American courts of a past generation. This is to be found in the reports of the assassination of Francis Barton Key by Daniel E. Sickles and his flamboyant trial, preserved in the *Police Gazette* of the period and chosen by Edward Van Every for "Sins of America" (Stokes), his compilation from the pages of that review. I rather wonder that Manuel Komroff chose instead the comparatively pallid affair of the murder of Helen Jewett for his recent "New York Tempest" (Coward-McCann), when even at this length of time the ashes of that old pain still glow.

This reminds me that Mr. Komroff's novel is one of fifty-eight listed and described in the third edition of "Romans à Clef," a bibliography by Earle Walbridge that appears in the *Publishers' Weekly*, February 25, 1932. Most of these, whose leading characters are readily identifiable with men and women in real life, were published in the past five years—and it is clear that Mr. Walbridge avoids swelling the number from the cheaper grades of fiction. He says: "Whether novelists are suffering from a paucity of invention or are inflamed with a spirit of sheer recklessness, whatever the reason, *romans à clef* now come from the press not single spies but in battalions."

G. S. P., New York City, wishes to "supplement a scanty knowledge of French with a handy, easily carried conversation and phrase book to be used on a trip to Paris," but is baffled by the number of them in book catalogues. The "Brush Up" series now published by Coward-McCann has an excellent little handbook "Brush Up Your French," whose conversations are more pertinent and up-to-date than one is likely to get by buying blindly from the counter in a travel agency—especially if one buys at the last moment in France. Also there is a good one, "Brush Up Your Italian," and for Italian travellers there are not so many conversation guides from which to choose.

A. M. W., Bradford, Pa., needs an historical novel for review at a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution. David Garnett's "Pocahontas" (Harcourt, Brace) is so much the best novel this season based on American history that the fact that it antedates the Revolution should not weigh against its choice with a patriotic audience. One might have thought that the gifts of the author of "Lady into Fox" would have been cramped by having to keep reasonably within most of the facts, but his power seems like a current, the swifter for being held between banks. The wilderness lives, the Indian world comes out of the past, Captain Smith goes his burly way, and even the generally overshadowed John Rolfe moves into the light, and Pocahontas has at last her chance to live her enigmatic life.

C. M. K., Kansas City, Mo., asks for a good edition at a reasonable price of "The Dark Night of the Soul," by St. John of the Cross. There is but one edition in English available in America, or so far as I know anywhere, for this is an importation from England by Benziger Bros. It costs five dollars. "The Song of the Soul," by St. John of the Cross, was published in 1927 by the Chiswick Press in a limited edition; it has Eric Gill's drawings and is naturally expensive. A new biography, "St. John of the Cross," by Father Bruno, has just been published by Benziger Bros.; it is devoted to the life of the saint rather than to an interpretation of his inner life, and treats the conflict that arose within the Carmelite communities. It was officially sponsored by the Discalced Carmelites.

B. S. W., Lisbon, N. H., asks about a collection of literary allusions. The Oxford Companion to English Literature," compiled by Sir Paul Harvey (Oxford University Press), deals with English and American literature, fifty generations in all; it has not only allusions but facts about authors and their works, and it identifies characters. It is the latest of these compendiums and is in one large volume. *B. S., Montclair, N. J., asks for books with information on the Laureateship, its beginnings and its history.* There have been several "Lives of the Poets Laureate," most of them of fairly ancient date, but a large volume with a study of the office and an account of those who have held it is "The Laureateship," by Edmund Kemper Broadus (Oxford University Press), published in 1921. There is an article on the same subject by the same authority in the *London Mercury*, 1930.

M. G. N., Detroit, Mich., asks if any books present the stories of Greek and Roman mythology to children of pre-school age. My own idea is that if a child cannot understand the language of Padraic Colum's "The Children's Homer" (Macmillan) he had better be permitted to postpone classic mythology until he can. This is indirectly confirmed by the fact that in the book lists of "Two to Six: Suggestions for Parents of Young Children," by Rose H. Alschuler (Morrow), no special provision is made for this particular subject in the equipment for five-year olds. For this "Two to Six" is a book altogether admirable, one to bring out some of those adjectives saved for happy emergencies. It covers habits and the technique for building them,—dressing, sleep, eating, toilet, and social, with specific standards for each age level and a daily program; it goes to the basic principles of reading and telling stories to children and gives short lists, largely of brand-new books, not disdaining the humble Woolworth but making it clear how the better edition is the better investment. It has a remarkably good chapter on music and a sensible one on play and excursions, and closes with a book list for parents, all within 160 pages.

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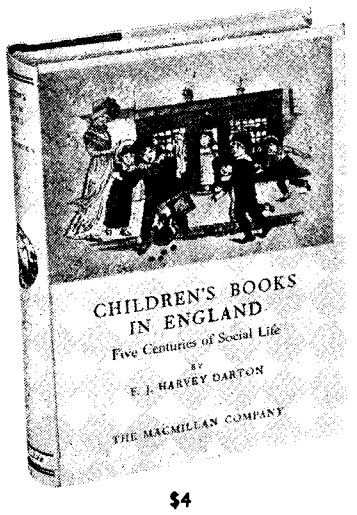

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The Rosy Fields

CHAMPROSÉ. With introduction by BRUCE ROGERS. New Rochelle: Peter Pauper Press. 1933. $3.50.

BRUCE ROGERS, of Indiana, offers humble greeting to all true and devoted lovers of well-formed letters, and "Apologies to the Shade of Maistre Geofroy Tory of Bourges." So begins this delicious book. The continuing words of the introduction, couched in the language of said Tory, must be read—no transcript can do justice to the delightful whimsicality of a man whose skill in using letters to convey his own thought has grown more and more sensitive.

The present book is a reprinting of the Roman letters shown in Tory's Champfleury of 1529 as reprinted by the Grolier Club in 1927. The format is that of the similar issue of Dürer's Roman letters, issued by Dunster House in 1924, save that the present issue is, fittingly enough, printed throughout in red. The binding is in a charming red and yellow paper, with paper label.

This book (especially if taken in connection with the Dürer) shows Mr. Rogers at his inimitable best: a delicacy of touch, an understanding of Renaissance printing, and a conception of book making which cannot be equalled. And the introduction adds a priceless note of personality. No lover of printing can possibly afford to miss the treat. R.

ANOTHER catalogue is that of the Exhibition of Literature and Poetry in Painting since 1850 now being held at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford. It has been designed to suggest the mid-Victorian period, just now receiving a bit of attention from the sophisticates. The wall-paper cover and the awful type of the period have been utilized. The exhibit itself is said to be quite amusing, with Burne-Jones and Picasso in juxtaposition. R.

Monastic Diurnal

THE MONASTIC DIURNAL, or, DAY HOURS OF THE MONASTIC BREVIARY. London & New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. $4.

FOR "Anglican religious, as well as for our . . . parochial clergy" Canon Douglas of Fond du Lac has prepared an edition in English translation of the Breviarium Monasticum published at Bruges in 1925, after extensive revision and restoration by its Benedictine editors.

The small book, with its nine hundred pages printed on India bible paper, has been set in a large and handsome type, although its columns are less than an inch and a half wide. The book is printed throughout in red and black, and the knowledge of liturgical printing which it displays must be the despair of any printer who does not understand that involved subject. R.

One More Vote

SOME years since, Frederic G. Melcher, editor of the *Publisher's Weekly*, suggested the establishment in America of outdoor bookselling stands, after the pattern of the famous *boutiques* along the Seine. The idea, Mr. Melcher admits, met with "some echoes of applause but no action." He had at the time, he declares, no definite sites in mind. America offers no perfect, and few imperfect, parallels for the Seine—the Harlem and the Hudson, the Potomac, the Charles are too remote from the haunts of potential customers. But now Mr. Melcher has come out foursquare on a Bryant Park platform for New York:

> Here is an eddy in the city's busiest section, with plenty of room for bookstalls close up to the fence and plenty of room for the browsers without blocking traffic. Here, with the background of the Public Library and the famous bookstore of Drakes' across the street, there would soon be created a delightful, beloved place for noon hours and a mecca for those who come from a distance and who would enjoy the idea of a half hour or so searching for treasures. Why shouldn't someone get the privilege of establishing these shops, sublet them to various second-hand bookstores, which, from their large stocks in scattered shops, could keep them freshly supplied with the types of books that sold most readily while keeping a score or more bookmen employed? The open season for collecting might begin with Easter weather.

The *Sun* and the *Times* have already given enthusiastic editorial support to the suggestion, and this present comment is a frank piece of propaganda in furtherance of the Melcher idea. And why should the plan not be as effective along the edge of Boston Common, on the shore side of Michigan Boulevard, on lower Pennsylvania Avenue, in the courtyard of Philadelphia's City Hall? (Leary's and Gimbel's alley shelves in the latter city, by the way, are about the closest approach to an American *boutique* already in existence that one can recall.) And why could not the plan operate in municipalities of less metropolitan stature? The Circle or University Park in Indianapolis, the Green in Waterbury and the greater Green in New Haven, here and elsewhere are indeed sites.

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News from the States

In this department of the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE *will be gathered every two weeks or so a budget of news concerning literary and bookselling activities all over the United States. Our news will eventually cover, from time to time, every State in the Union. What the* SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to authors' activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Bookseller's anecdotes will be welcomed. The interchange of ideas is a consummation devoutly to be wished. We hope that a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book-world at large.*

COLORADO

We are happy to relay to you the findings of *Heloise B. Hawkins,* of Denver:—

One of Denver's librarians, *Quantrille McClung,* has established a movement which is strongly stimulating an interest in books. She began in the section known as Park Hill, where she was then at the head of a branch of the Public Library. Working through key women of the vicinity, she grew acquainted with her neighborhood; and found it a promising field for a "Library Club." It meets twice a month in the library building, and listens to addresses and book reviews by able speakers. Preachers, professors, editors, poets, novelists, short-story writers, journalists, teachers, clubwomen,—have all kindly lent their services. The work has become so popular that, this year, she is carrying it to other branch libraries in the city, with diverse and interesting results.

The weekly radio program of "Colorado Aggies" (Colorado Agricultural College at Fort Collins), was beautified recently by a talk given by one of Colorado's nationally-known writers, *Lillian White Spencer.* Mrs. Spencer, whose published works show an extended study of Amer-Indian lore, gave an address along this line. One wished for television, since Mrs. Spencer is very good to look at; but, perhaps, her cultivated diction and mellifluous voice should have satisfied us.

The photoplay, "By Whose Hand," recently showing in Denver, was from the pen of *Harry Adler,* newly-elected president of the Colorado Authors' League. It was produced by Columbia Pictures. Mr. Adler has long been known as both writer and critic of short stories.

ILLINOIS

Vera McDermid writes us from the hamlet of Wilmette:—

Few suburban villages as small as Winnetka, Ill., twenty miles north of Chicago, can boast of having within its portals as many as twenty prominent literary figures . . . "the smug suburban neatness of Wilmette and Winnetka" . . . one may read in *Edna Ferber's* "So-Big." (Needless to say, many worthy Winnetkans objected heartily to having their village thus spoken of!) Included among the town's most conspicuous authors and journalists is *Paul Hutchinson,* editor of "The Christian Century" and author of "Storm Over Asia." Then there is *Carleton W. Washburne,* internationally known educator, and author of "Remakers of Mankind." *Mrs. Washburne,* too, is a writer, and has recently had published "Letters to Channy." Another of her books will be off the press this spring. *Mrs. Myron T. Harshaw* (Ruth Harshaw) is author of "The Council of the Gods." The date for the publishing of her new book is now pending. There is *Floy Little Bartlett,* whose "The Busy Book" is so popular with children. Mrs. Bartlett is better known as a composer. She has written over forty songs, including many for children. Also among the town's worthy citizens are *Paul R. Leach,* political writer for the *Chicago Tribune; Howard Vincent O'Brien,* literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News;* and *Anita-Willetts Burnham,* artist-author. Besides these (which are only a few of the twenty) there is *Harold L. Ickes,* prominent lawyer and newly appointed Secretary of the Interior in *President Roosevelt's* cabinet. Also of interest is the fact that the son of *George H. Dern,* former Governor of Utah and now Secretary of War, married a Winnetka girl, *Jean MacLeish,* niece of the famous *Archibald MacLeish.*

MINNESOTA

We are indebted to *Paul C. Hillestad* of St. Paul for the subjoined:—

In his *Bowling Green* of February 11th, *Christopher Morley* commented on the essay by *Oscar W. Firkins,* "Man: A Character Sketch," published in a special limited edition a few months ago by Harrison & Smith of Minneapolis, and expressed the wish that "this fine thing might be made available to a larger public." *Miss Netta W. Wilson* of the University of Minnesota Press has just informed me that this essay will be included in a volume of essays to be brought out by the Press in the spring. This in response to many requests, including Mr. Morley's.

The University Press is engaged in publishing a series of volumes of Mr. Firkins's work, the first of which "The Bride of Quietness," was brought out in November. This volume of one-act plays met with much favor and has been on local best-seller lists. A second volume, "The Revealing Moment and Other Plays," was released just before Christmas, this volume containing plays dealing with *Chekhov, Sophocles* and *Euripides, Ibsen* and *Bjornson, Merimée,* the two *Dumas, Chateaubriand,* and the "Salome" of *Oscar Wilde.* In addition to the forthcoming volume of essays, the Press proposes to publish a volume of Mr. Firkins's letters if enough of them can be collected. The volumes already published are fine examples of distinguished bookmaking, quite in keeping with their distinguished and altogether delightful contents.

One of those curious bibliographical incidents which occur every so often in the field of book collecting took place in Minneapolis recently when two copies of the comparatively rare "Stow" *Chaucer* of 1561 came together quite by accident. The first copy turned up in the library of *Mr. Clyde Joslin* of Champlin, Minnesota, last fall. *Professor Martin B. Ruud* and the writer became interested in the volume because of a flaw in the collation of what seemed to be a genuine copy. Two issues were printed in 1561, identical in text, but differing in title pages and decorations. The Joslin copy, while apparently a copy of the second issue, bore, unmistakably, the title page of the first. A pretty point in bibliography was thus raised, and to determine the geneology of our hybrid we brought the book to the office of Librarian *Frank K. Walter* of the University of Minnesota for further examination and collation.

In the group there gathered was a representative of *Mr. J. F. Bell* of Minneapolis, who had brought with her "a few books she thought we might be interested in,"—she knew nothing of the book under consideration except that it was an old Chaucer—and among these books was a copy of a genuine second issue of the 1561 Stow! There was something uncanny in the thrill of this discovery for there was no thought in the minds of any of us but that there was not another copy of the "Stow" within a thousand miles. The two books, in all probability, had not been so close together for 372 years, since they left the printing house of *Ihon Kyngston* "dwelling in Paules Churchyarde" in 1561.

SOUTH CAROLINA

We are fortunate in having *Josephine Pinckney,* the well-known Southern poet, reporting to us from Charleston:—

In Charleston the writers are briskly stirring their broth with the promise of a lavish output. *Herbert Ravenel Sass,* again deserting his favorite natural history, is engaged on a novel of the native scene, laid in the 1850's. Doubtless the natural background will creep and intrude and climb into the story. Charleston's dean of letters, *John Bennett,* is now bringing to a conclusion "Buckhorn Johnny," a novel based on his father's boyhood experiences, beginning in Virginia and ranging along the Ohio River and into Missouri. Mr. Bennett is likewise working on another story in his series, "Grotesque Legends of Old Charleston," of which "Madame Margot" was the first, and he has in mind at odd moments a whimsical book for children which will be close kin to "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo."

DuBose Heyward is embarked on a novel about which he maintains that auctorial secretiveness sometimes assumed by the profession. He and his wife, *Dorothy Heyward,* are spending the winter in Charleston and building a house at Folly Island, one of the barrier islands south of the town with a magnificent beach and plenty of waves and palmettoes. In this fastness they expect to spend the winters hereafter.

A recent book about South Carolina which has been received with phenomenal warmth by the natives—and *are* they hard to please when it comes to the published word about themselves!—is "The State that Forgot," by *William Watts Ball,* the editor of *The News and Courier.* Not that it paints a grateful picture—quite the contrary. Mr. Ball records with ease, with pleasant discursiveness,almost with gaiety, the decline of the State since the adoption of the direct primary in 1868. Anyone interested in Americana or in the result of political systems will find it delightful reading, since the same thing in varying degrees, has taken place in other states of this confederation. Mr. Ball's is an active family; his daughter, *Katherine Ball Ripley,* has a new book, "Sand Dollars," to be published in the early Fall by Harcourt, Brace and Company, and is finishing a novel at present, while his son-in-law, Clements Ripley, has a romance, "Voodoo Moon," beginning serially in the March *Cosmopolitan,* and is writing short stories for the same periodical. The Confederate War has taken possession of this transplanted Vermonter, and he is simmering a novel about that many-sided conflict.

Another recently published book about the history of the Low-Country is the reissue of a now rare item, "A Day on Cooper River," by *Dr. John B. Irvine,* first published in 1842. This small engaging volume describes the rice-plantations of the Cooper River and the families seated thereon. It has been reprinted with the histories of the plantations brought up to date by *Louisa Cheves Stoney.* In this valuable work, Mrs. Stoney was assisted by her son, *Samuel Gaillard Stoney* (co-author with *Gertrude Shelby* of "Po' Buckra" and "Black Genesis," now gathering material of his own which will eventually become long or short stories.

Benjamin Kittredge, author of "Crowded Solitude," is writing a novel of the plantations under the present régime, contrasting the dispossessed native planters with the new sportsman-owners. *Alexander Sprunt* is doing more short stories in the genre of his book of nature sketches, "Dwellers of the Silences." *Beatrice Ravenel* and *Granville Paul Smith* are writing poetry.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BINDERS for your Saturday Review numbers. Gold stamped, black buckram, wire fasteners, handy way to file the copies as issued, or the back files. Postpaid $1.50. Mendoza Book Co., 15 Ann St., N. Y. C.

NOT YOUNG but very alert European woman with very wide interest, would enjoy correspondence with lonely man. Write care of *Saturday Review* for "Lady of the Sea."

WANTED: Saturday Review of Literature to review my Virgins in Cellophane. Bett.

STRUGGLING 'cellist wishes some one would endow her future musical education. Sick, and in prison. Box 131.

YOUNG MAN, 28, refined, educated, with newly found leisure time, seeks intellectual companionship of young lady similarly inclined. Expenses equally shared. Box 132, *Saturday Review.*

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The PHŒNIX NEST

ON March 15th *Niña Jay Dusenberry* cried, through a Russian postcard, "Blessings on the Animal Kingdom, one year old today!" For this cryptic allusion we thank her. We feel very salubrious. . . .

L. R. Lilly sends us from Laguna Beach, California—and we hope he escaped the earthquake!—a page from *Laguna's Saturday Night* containing a review of "*Herbert Palmer—Poet*" by *Sumner Crosby*. The review begins:

> Through the vaulted cathedral aisles up to the dome goes the reverberations of an organ, quiet, subdued, and understanding. That is the poetry of Herbert E. Palmer.
>
> Through the air dust flakes flit their way as they encounter stray shafts of light, softly sifting through stained glass windows. Merry little dust flakes dancing on the air. Through the poems of Herbert Palmer little quizzical things appear that seem to have no reality whatever; just things dancing through the air. And ever the music passes along from column to column, mounting into the higher recesses of the cathedral.

That, indeed, is a pretty good example of what Mr. Lilly calls "American Gothic." After a little deft foot-work Mr. Crosby goes on to say,

> "If his (Palmer's) poetry is not in a class by itself then we never saw any poetry and maybe we never did, at that. Listen to this anent Evolution;—
>
> *But Ge from out her clods*
> *Said she had made the Gods*
> *And if the egg had been a bone, why then*
> *Uranus in the Dome*
> *Had wandered far from home,*
> *And half an egg was not a perfect Hen.*
>
> If you live for ever you will most likely never forget that line, that half an egg is not a perfect hen. There is much to contemplate here on the wanderings of Uranus."

That certainly does cheer us up a little! . . .

Hendrik Van Loon is starting in to work for two or three years on a book to be called simply "The Arts." It will be a history of all of them. . . .

George Seldes, author of "You Can't Print That!" and brother of *Gilbert Seldes*, whose "The Years of the Locust (America, 1929-1932)" is appearing on best-seller lists, returned from Spain on March 16th, where he has been writing a book on world conditions which Little, Brown & Company expect to publish this summer. . . .

This book, "Union Square," seems to be creating a lot of comment. Somehow we couldn't get at it. We should rather read books like *Maude Meagher's*, "The Green Scamander" (Houghton Mifflin), or *March Cost's* "A Man Named Luke" (Knopf). . . .

F. P. Frazier writes us from Philadelphia:

> Your note on *Dorothy Blair* "better known to readers of her latest mystery story 'Murder Among the Angells' as Roger Scarlett" is only half true because Dorothy Blair is only half of *Roger Scarlett*. The other half is *Evelyn Page* who is now in Philadelphia. Dorothy and Evelyn used to be with Houghton Mifflin in Boston during the time *Esther Forbes* ("A Mirror for Witches") was there. *Dale Warren* could tell you all about it also.

Eugenia M. Frost of Washington passes on to us a column from the *Miami Daily News* called *Miami Muse*, edited by *Vivian Yeiser Laramore*, Poet Laureate of Florida. How about "Those Miami Blues" for an alternative title? It lavishly spreads abroad Floridian culture. . . .

Inasmuch as we dubbed ourself some months ago the world's greatest procrastinator, *Mrs. P. A. Thomson* of Montreal sends us her poem, "Procrastination," that received most votes in a competition held by the Poetry Group of the Canadian Authors Association. We thank her. . . .

We are glad to see that "One Sunday Afternoon," the play by *James Hagan*, is now reopened in another theatre. In the work of *Lloyd Nolan* it brought to public attention one of the grandest exhibitions of acting we have seen for several blue moons. And the play itself is our candidate for the Pulitzer Prize. . . .

A friend recently faring to Oregon, brings us back from Portland a copy of a new magazine printed by mimeograph and paper bound, which is edited by—for one—a writer no less distinguished than *Albert R. Wetjen*. It is designed to further the development of literature in the Northwest, and we have found it decidedly interesting. One of its contributions is from the redoubtable *James Stevens*, the writer on the mythical *Paul Bunyan*. His communication is called, with intention to startle, "To hell with *The Outlander!*"—Mr. Stevens apparently being more concerned with kicking up a small personal sensation than with encouraging letters on the Coast. Mr. Wetjen's attitude is so directly the opposite of this as to induce a warm feeling in his behalf. So we wish *The Outlander* every success! . . .

A most beautiful creation of bookmaking is "The Golden Book of *Tagore*" which is sold at ten dollars a copy by The Orientalia, 59 Bank Street, this city. It was printed in homage to *Rabindranath Tagore*, the great East-Indian poet, as a tribute from India and the outside World, celebrating the poet's seventieth birthday. It is edited by *Ramananda Chatterjee*, and was originally published in 1931 by the Golden Book Committee in Calcutta. *Albert Einstein, Romain Rolland, Jane Addams, J. M. Barrie, André Gide, Sinclair Lewis, Harriet Monroe, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Upton Sinclair, W. B. Yeats* and *Mahatma Gandhi* all contribute to the galaxy of praise and serve as sponsors of the book. . . .

Dorothea Moore of Los Angeles, sends us a clipping from the English *New Statesman* with the following comment:

> Reading about how the exuberant publishers annoy you with their overflow of pleasure over their new books, it may amuse you to read an Englishman on the same subject. It would seem as though they had gone us one better in just pure gush—if one may use such an elegancy.

Her Englishman, quoted below, is one we know and whose own work we very much admire. May his sensible remarks sink in to the publishing consciousness of America!

REVIEWERS IN JEOPARDY

SIR,—I rise with alarm from studying the publishers' announcements in one of today's Sunday newspapers. May I ask whether nothing can be done to mitigate the dangers to which, apparently, the professional book reviewers are being continually exposed by reason of the extraordinarily high level of contemporary English literature? These dangers, both mental and physical, seem to be reaching a pitch that would hardly be tolerated in any properly controlled trade or vocation.

It may be all very well, for instance, if Mr. I—— "enjoys immoderately every page" of a book. But real danger is surely threatening Dr. C——, for whom another novel "throbs with an immense vitality; the final crisis is terrific; a superb, oh! an overwhelming book—I simply could not lay it down." Or take Miss B——'s case. She not only declares that the same "work of genius" purges her soul with pity and terror, but confesses that "excitement is a word too pale and too cheap for the throbbing anguish one experiences as one reads this tale." Even one of your own reviewers, Sir, is "carried on as by an avalanche," no less. Again, another martyr finds it "irritating" to have to lay a book aside "even in order to eat a meal," while Mr. S—— declares that he lost three hours' sleep in his "determination to begin the next day with the problem well and truly solved." And of yet another novel, Miss H—— admits that it "nearly cost me my life, as I found myself unable to abandon Prince Philip while crossing the King's Road."

In short, one single issue of one single newspaper shows us these ladies and gentlemen exposed, week in, week out, to insomnia, starvation, neurasthenia, and sudden death. Is this credible?

HAMISH MILES.

We extend our best wishes to the new firm, D. Appleton-Century Company, formed by the recent important merger of D. Appleton & Co. (1825) and the Century Company (1870). *John W. Hiltman* is chairman of the Board of the new concern and *W. Morgan Shuster* president. Banzai!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

Points of View

Genuine Profits

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR: May I have the courtesy of your columns for a somewhat belated reply to Professor Fairchild, whose comment on my review of his book, "Profits or Prosperity," has only lately been called to my attention?

I think I might possibly pass Mr. Fairchild's quiz, but since I am not enrolled in any of his courses and couldn't get credit for it, I'll let that pass. But Professor Fairchild says:

> She demands that money received for the loan of capital (shall we also include the money received for the loan of land?) shall be included in profits as well as the money received from the conduct of a business.

And that makes me wonder how his students manage to get themselves understood by him. For I made no such demand. What I *did* say was that genuine profit (which, I remarked, Professor Fairchild fails to distinguish from spurious profit) is *interest* on money actually invested in business. It differs from interest on money loaned in that the amount is not fixed in advance, but is determined by the amount of net income after rent, taxes, interest on loans, and other fixed charges have been met. The landlord and the money-lender have prior liens on the product of industry; the owner of the business can draw interest on his investment only after their charges have been met—which partly answers Mr. Fairchild's test-question, "Why do dividends on common stocks fluctuate between zero and indefinitely dizzy heights while the interest on bonds remains stable?"

I have no objection to a redefinition of economic terms, but I see no reason why we should redefine them because we don't understand their old meanings. "Where it is not necessary to change," said Lord Falkland, "it is necessary not to change." I heartily agree with Professor Fairchild that "the concepts, not the words, are the really important things." It is about concepts that he seems to me confused. Useful definitions do not grow out of confusion but out of clarity and precision of thought. Either Mr. Fairchild is confused or his new economics is an ingenious but futile attempt to abolish economic injustice without disturbing privileges—that is, to make an omelet without breaking any eggs.

SUZANNE LAFOLLETTE.

New York City.

An Apology

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR: In the *Saturday Review* of March 4, 1933, there is a review of a book by Marion Strobel called "Sylvia Is in Town." Among other things your reviewer says: "One is left wondering a little what all the excitement has been about and why we have rushed so breathlessly all over Chicago to watch two people get married who might just as well have got married on page one."

Now as the whole point of the book is that they do *not* get married this leaves one, doesn't it, a little doubtful of your scribe's integrity?

DOROTHY ALDIS.

Chicago

Our reviewer writes:

This is a bad blunder, and I am sorry for it. I can only plead that I read every word of the book in question until the second page from the end, by which time the two principal characters were starting off on a train together, and I was stupid enough to suppose that I had reached the conclusion of the story; though as a matter of fact the lady gets off the train again on the next to the last page. I ought of course to have been more careful, and can only offer my apologies to Miss Strobel.

The Modern Monthly announces a Prize Essay Contest for students, to which any undergraduate or graduate student in an American college or university can contribute. A prize of $25 will be paid for the best essay submitted to *The Modern Monthly*. The judges of the contest will be Harry Hansen, C. Hartley Grattan, Nathaniel Weyl, and Michael Blankfort. All manuscripts are to be addressed to: *The Modern Monthly* Student Contest, Box 97, Station D, New York City.

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—*Times Literary Supplement (London).*

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